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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

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DARLING & KEITH,
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Editorial.

THE POLLED CATTLE "BOOM."

[illegible] effort being made [illegible] in this country re- [illegible] cattle. One can [illegible] devoted specially to [illegible] without finding con- [illegible] polled cattle, and [illegible] agricultural journals [illegible] a good many items concerning [illegible] approve of their special [illegible] interest in this stock [illegible] within the past six [illegible] to that time the [illegible] occasionally contain- [illegible] to the general char- [illegible] compared to others, [illegible] years illustrations have [illegible] individual animals of the [illegible] but since there has [illegible] to be a growing effort on the part of [illegible] which the public journals, to create [illegible] we have felt like ex- [illegible] the matter. If the [illegible] has ever acquired a [illegible] getting up excitements and fe- [illegible] new plants, new breeds of ani- [illegible] anything new whatever, we think it [illegible] some time ago.

[illegible] seems to have come to our no- [illegible] decidedly been in the opposite direc- [illegible] tendency in this direction is not to present [illegible] of any class, either of breeders of fancy stock, [illegible] or manufacturers of farm machinery, or dealers [illegible] stock or seeds, or anything of the [illegible] but the effort is to present the inter- [illegible] of the great army of practical, working [illegible] throughout New England and else- [illegible] The press has been published by [illegible] as any other industry is [illegible] the purpose of making a living [illegible] engaged. It is private prop- [illegible] as much as a man's farm, but the [illegible] are not as well aware as are the [illegible] of a farm that unless [illegible] something in which the public requires, [illegible] or thinks it requires, the enterprise can never [illegible]

It has been the aim, therefore, to present [illegible] each week such matter for the consideration [illegible] of its readers as would be of use to them in [illegible] their ordinary business as farmers, [illegible] or to have a tendency to improve their condi- [illegible] as members of society, and thus make life [illegible] pleasanter and happier. It always is, and ever [illegible] must be, a serious question for every publisher [illegible] and editor, what to lay before the readers in [illegible] each week. It would accord with the tastes [illegible] of many writers and publishers to be connected [illegible] with journals that should be entirely separated [illegible] from all sectarian interests, for in no direc- [illegible] tion are publishers more tried than in attempt- [illegible] ing to draw the line between what should and [illegible] what should not be admitted in this depart- [illegible] ment of their journals. Advertising schemes [illegible] present themselves in every imaginable form, [illegible] and it is utterly impossible to keep a clearly [illegible] defined line of demarkation between ordinary [illegible] reading matter and that which is strictly of an [illegible] advertising nature. Nor does the reading [illegible] public require that there should be. The pub- [illegible] lic wants to know about new things, and is [illegible] not very particular how the knowledge comes, [illegible] so that the facts be just as they are; and [illegible] so long as no family journal can sustain itself [illegible] from subscription list alone, this difficulty [illegible] must exist, and publishers, as heretofore, will [illegible] have to be guided in their judgment in these [illegible] matters to the best common sense they may [illegible] be able to command.

The newspaper exposes and makes public [illegible] men's thoughts, and thoughts have their "run," [illegible] are in fashion, and get out of fashion, just as [illegible] do old hats and coats. So, too, old thoughts [illegible] come round again, as do certain styles in dress, [illegible] habits or customs, and methods of expression. [illegible] Short horn cattle have been bred in this [illegible] country successfully a great many years. A [illegible] few years ago a certain breeder sold out what [illegible] was supposed at the time to be a very desira- [illegible] ble herd of this stock, and at prices which had [illegible] never been heard of before and have never [illegible] been reached since. The newspapers for a [illegible] time were filled with articles concerning the [illegible] sale, and some of the agricultural journals [illegible] seemed to go almost wild with excitement, as [illegible] did many of the readers. But somehow or [illegible] other from that day the short horn interest [illegible] has seemed to be cooling off. Short horns [illegible] had evidently reached their climax, if judged [illegible] by the prices obtained. The public turned [illegible] its attention in other directions, to poultry, [illegible] with its Music Hall exhibitions and its fevers [illegible] all through the country; to Ayrshires, Swiss, [illegible] Jerseys, Holsteins, and Guernseys, and now it [illegible] is looking at the Polls.

Now we believe in polled cattle, have been breeding them for fifteen years, and have liked them better the more we have become ac- [illegible] quainted with their merits; and for the past [illegible] few years have become so strongly attached to [illegible] them on account of their docility, and the ease [illegible] and safety with which they can be handled and [illegible] allowed to herd together, that we have come [illegible] to feel that so long as polled cattle of fair [illegible] quality can be obtained at reasonable prices [illegible] we would not accept of any others as a gift. [illegible] We have refused the gift of breeding stock with [illegible] horns from some of the best dairy herds in New [illegible] England. It is not unlikely, however, that we [illegible] have been so well pleased with this one merit [illegible] of being hornless, that we may in a meas- [illegible] ure have overlooked or made light account of [illegible] possible demerits. At the time we commenced [illegible] breeding polled cattle there was not a herd of [illegible] pure polls of any breed, to our knowledge, in [illegible] the country, but there was more or less of the [illegible] blood mixed in with that of common cattle in [illegible] several of the States. We saw a single exhibit [illegible] of two or three cows and heifers at a cattle [illegible] show, and were captivated by them, and de- termined then and there, if it were a possible thing to do, to build up a herd of polled cattle from such material as could be obtained. Having no previous experience in breeding, we had everything to learn, and suffered from losses in various ways, and have learned some- thing of the magnitude of such an undertak- ing, but have succeeded in producing a herd of over thirty animals without, at the present time, a single horn to, according to our ideas, mar the beauty of the animals or to threaten the keeper.

And now at the end of this long experience we find a growing interest in polled cattle that threatens to become a "boom" or a "fe- ver," and booms and fevers are just what we dislike, and especially dislike to aid in pro- ducing, for somebody is pretty sure to get burned, and the reaction which follows any ex- citement is not pleasant to contemplate. We have before us a letter received a few weeks since, from an esteemed friend and constant reader of the FARMER, asking us to advise him as to purchasing and commencing to breed polled cattle. He says:—"I want your opin- ion as to how deep I had better 'wade in.' Will the increase be wanted by the time I have any to sell? Can there be much risk?" "Prices," he further writes, "are very high now on the other side, from five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece for the best. A ship- per writes me that parties in America, thus far, have not bought the best, because they were not prepared to pay high enough."

Since the above was written prices have far- ther advanced in Europe, in anticipation of a heavy demand from this country. They seem to have the impression over there that Ameri- can farmers, or Americans that are not farm- ers are full of money, and that prices are of little consideration, when they get their minds made up to have a thing. Nor is it very strange that such impressions exist, when it is known that within the past year wealthy Americans have sent agents to Europe, with instructions to purchase the best *regardless of expense.*

It is impossible for one to know in advance how high a price one can afford to pay for a breeding animal, or for a herd of breeding animals. There is a good deal of risk attend- ing the purchase of very high priced stock. It may be easy enough to figure up on paper the profits to be derived from the use of a thoroughbred bull costing, say $500. His calves we will reckon at $50 each when dropped, so that but ten will be required to meet the cost of the bull. But ten $50 calves will require, besides the bull, at least ten thoroughbred cows, which requires an invest- ment of perhaps, ten other sums of $500, each, or $5,000. Now this is the price of a pretty good farm, and whether we can afford to risk as much in a dozen animals, as in the farm on which they are to be kept, is a ques- tion that the majority of farmers of moderate means will be able to answer at once.

The number of *farmers* is comparatively very small, who can afford to stock up their farms with thousand dollar animals. Our ad- vice to any who are thinking of trying to im- prove their stock by the introduction of high priced animals, would be to "wade in" no deeper than they are sure of their footing. One ought not to invest so deeply that disap- pointment would bring ruin. Buying very costly stock, is something like buying tickets in a lottery. It is presumable that there will be some blanks, usually a great many. Very few breeders are willing to part with their best animals, either in this country, or in Europe.

The most popular breeds of polled cattle at this time, are beef animals. It is for beef that the owners of the black Angus cattle have been breeding, and it was for superiority as beef animals, that the purses were won by the polls the past few years, at the European ex- hibitions. Beef animals are in demand at the West, more than in New England, but New England has good facilities for breeding for breeders, any kind of cattle that the market demands. Polled Angus cattle are being brought in to New England, and the experi- ment of breeding them here will be tried, but at prices ranging from $500 to $1,000 or $2,000 each, we cannot advise farmers of moderate means to invest in them, certainly not unless one has already had sufficient ex- perience in breeding and selling cattle, as al- most to be assured of success. If one is breeding high priced stock, he can afford to do little else; his animals will need his whole attention. If one has the means to invest judiciously in polled cattle of the most desira- ble breeds; has good pastures to keep them in; has the faculty—a very important one—of selling to advantage, we have little doubt that one would be able to get his money all back, and that the investment would prove beneficial both to himself and to the public. There is most certainly a growing preference for cattle without horns, in the minds of a great many farmers and stock-men, who have given the subject thought. Polled cattle, as a rule, are far more docile than those with horns, but this is only one point among many, that make up a good cow. The number of polled cattle available for breeding off horns from other breeds, is comparatively small, and it must be a good many years before cattle with horns will be as rare as the polls are now, un- less it shall be proved by experiment, that the horns can, without great cruelty, be removed from the heads of calves while young.

It is claimed that this can be done by an expert workman, with no more pain to the calf, than is caused the lamb by docking the tail, and with far less than all male animals suffer that are deprived of the power of prop- agation. If this should prove true, and dis- horning become popular, it would most effec- tually prick any bubbles which might result from a "boom" in no horns. Our advice in this, as in all similar matters where risks are to be run, is, keep cool, and make haste slowly.

MILK SETTING.

"Why," asks one of our subscribers, "does it take so much greater bulk of cream to make a pound of butter, when raised from milk, set in a cellar, where the temperature is uni- formly at 60° or less, than from milk set in an upper room, where, in summer the mercury stands much of the time at about seventy de- grees?"

He also finds that he gets less butter from a like quantity of milk, kept in the cellar, than in the warmer upper room, a result that ac- cords fully with our own experience in setting milk for butter making. It may, on many farms, seem a necessity to set the milk in the cellar of the dwelling house. This happens during the hottest weather, on farms where there is no good, cool dairy room, above the cellar. If a basement could be built partly below and partly above ground, so as to secure good ventilation, and a comparative- ly dry atmosphere, very good results might be looked for.

The objection to a cellar for milk setting, is the usual dampness and want of ventilation. The air is not easily changed, and after a room has been used for some weeks for carry- ing in warm milk twice a day, it becomes much warmer than one that is kept constantly closed.

Nearly all basement air in summer is damp, and damp air inclines to increase the relative bulk of cream, simply because the water that is still mingled with nearly all cream has not had the opportunity to be dried out from it. Cream raised in a warm, *dry* air is of the na- ture of condensed cream, a very small quan- tity only, being required for a pound of butter. There is another difficulty with cream raised in cellars. It is so thin and watery that or- dinary skimmers will not hold it, but let it pass through the holes and mix in again with the milk.

The cream from *deep* cans set in cold water is uniformly thin and watery, and cannot be skimmed, but is dipped off with dippers made expressly for the purpose.

Scalded milk, if set in shallow pans in the open air, throws up cream that represents the opposite extreme, being almost pure butter before it is churned.

MARTIN'S AMBER WHEAT.

Wheat is one of the leading crops, not only of this country, but of the whole world, and more is dependent upon the wheat crop for retaining or promoting national prosperity throughout the world, than upon any one thing or all other things combined. A failure of the wheat crop in some countries is cause for national despondency. The failure of the wheat crop throughout the United States would be a *National calamity*, and its effects would be felt not only in this country, but throughout the whole civilized world.

MARTIN'S AMBER.

It is in fact the foundation of all our national prosperity, and regulates, to a great extent, the price of other commodities.—The price of all manufactured goods is controlled by it, by the laborer say- ing how much shall be paid him to enable him to purchase this, the staff of life. Much more might be said about its great im- portance, and the wonderful influence it exerts, but it is not necessary, for there are none to deny the assertion that it al- ways has been, from the earliest ages, and always will continue to be the most essential element to the happiness and pros- perity of the most power- ful and the most thor- oughly civilized nations of the earth.

And now, in view of the importance of the wheat crop, it follows that any improvement that can be made tending toward in- creasing the production, or diminishing the cost of its production, must di- rectly interest every pro- ducer, as well as every consumer. The wheat crop of the United States is, the present year, about 650 million bushels, grown on about 35 million acres, giving an average yield of 18·6 bushels per acre.

Every year new varie- ties of wheat are intro- duced, extensively adver- tised, and largely sold, with results as variable as their names. A number of these have been real improvements, and have taken the place of the va- rieties that had served their day and were worn out; but many more have sunk out of existence be- cause unreliable in their results, and, unworthy of esteem, they could not command the confi- dence of the public. It is not to one of these ephemeral kinds that we would call the atten- tion of our readers, but to a variety that has, since the year 1878, been closely watched and carefully tested, and is now pronounced by competent judges to be the most remarkable wheat ever introduced, namely, Martin's Am- ber. This wheat originated in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, in 1878. It is of hybrid origin, one of the parents being the old Med- iterranean; the other is unknown. In its habit of growth, in several respects, it is quite different from any other variety cultivated While young the plant lies spread out over the ground, affording a good protection to its own roots. It remains in this position until May, when it begins to stool out and grow very rapidly. It surpasses by far every other variety in the number of stalks it will send out from one grain in ordinary field cultiva- tion. The introducer says three pecks of the seed to the acre will give as good a stand as seven pecks of any other kind. This prop- erty alone, when this variety comes into general cultivation, will make possible a saving of one bushel on every acre now sown, or about 35,- 000,000 bushels in this country every year, a quantity equal to about one-eighteenth the entire product. This statement is so extraor- dinary that it will likely provoke unpleasant criticisms from some parties, but what the in- troducer says is supported by testimonials from parties in some cases known to us, and we have no reason for believing the assertion is extravagant. It took the first premium at the Pennsylvania State Fairs, at Philadelphia, in 1880, and at Pittsburg in 1881. The ex- hibit at these consisted of one-half bushel of the wheat, a number of the heads, and a bunch of the wheat grown from one head, and at- tracted much attention.

The grains are of a beautiful amber color, good size, full and plump, with a very thin hull. Expert millers pronounce it a No. 1 wheat for flouring, and by reason of its very thin hull it makes but little bran, and yields a large return of flour of the very best quality.

The yield, with ordinary cultivation, is from 30 to 45 bushels per acre, and has yielded more with a little extra care and better culti- vation. It ripens with the Lancaster and oth- er standard sorts; threshes and cleans very easily and perfectly, and generally weighs 63 pounds to the measured bushel.

A number of testimonials are given from prominent agriculturists, all speaking very highly of this new wheat, and we believe it is only a matter of a little time in which to make its merits known, when it will take a high rank among the wheat growers of the coun- try. It is being introduced by the popular seedsman, J. A. Everitt, of Watsontown, Pa., who has introduced a number of our best po- tatoes and other vegetables.

GRASS FOR A MEADOW.

I have a neighbor, a subscriber of the FARMER, who has a beaver meadow that he wants to re- claim. It is deep muck, and is subject to over- flow, more particularly in the winter. All efforts that have been made to get a stand of herdsgrass, &c., have failed. He came to ask my opinion of redtop for it. I told him I thought foul meadow would be better, but that I would not take the responsibility to advise. I finally told him I would ask you to advise him through the NEW ENGLAND FARMER. Will you do so, and oblige him as well as MANY OTHERS.

Georgia, Vt., 1882.

We have never seen a better exhibition of redtop, *Agrostis vulgaris*, than grew upon the reclaimed salt marsh lands of Marshfield, Mass. If the beaver meadow can be suffi- ciently drained so that water will not stand long upon it during the growing season, and so that it can be ploughed and cultivated like other grass lands, there will be no difficulty in producing the heaviest crops of redtop hay. Three tons per acre at one cutting are easily grown upon the salt marsh meadows referred to. It matters little how deep the muck may be in a meadow if the water can be drained out. After this is done the muck shrinks, settles and becomes sufficiently compacted to bear up a team. If there is a sand bank near the meadow which can be carted in and spread over the surface in winter, when the ground is frozen, it will improve the texture of the soil, even if it is not spread more than one or two inches deep. But this will not take the place of drainage. The water must be got rid of to the depth of at least three feet after the muck has settled, and four or five feet would probably be better.

It is possible that redtop may be estab- lished if the drainage is not quite so perfect. If the present sod is strong enough to bear a team, the meadow may be ploughed by using a swivel plough with a sharp meadow share, with wing attached for cutting the bog roots, and a "set off" clevis rigged to let the team travel constantly on the unturned sod. A good many wet meadows have been success- fully ploughed in this way, that could not be otherwise with profit. Messrs. Everett & Small of this city, have ploughs rigged specially for such work. A great many acres of the salt marsh land have been turned in this way. After ploughing, a light team will harrow the ground and fit it for receiving the seed.

Redtop is a much better grass for endur- ing unfavorable weather and situations than timothy. It has a fibrous root, and propa- gates by tillering, while timothy is bulbous, and spreads less freely, and is far more sensi- tive to ill usage of any kind. If the meadow can not be drained without too much expense, or not at all, it may perhaps be seeded to foul meadow, *poa serotina*, by scattering the seed broadcast on the surface early in autumn or in the spring. If there is any sediment brought on and deposited by the overflow, the seed might sprout readily by sowing just as the waters subside. Foul meadow grass once established in a meadow suited to its growth is inclined to remain a long while. One of its peculiarities is the habit of holding green for weeks after it has headed out, and per- haps lodged. New branches come out at every joint while the main stem remains fresh and green. So it does not require mowing as soon as it blooms, but may remain uncut till some of the seed ripens.

While foul meadow grass grows sponta- neously very abundantly in many of the river meadows in the vicinity of Boston, we happen to be familiar with but two experiments in introducing its culture by artificial means. One was upon a reclaimed meadow too wet to plough, except with teams wearing meadow shoes, and a perfect success it proved, the meadow producing heavy annual crops till the land became exhausted by continued cropping without manuring. The other experi- ment was made by sowing the seed on the surface of an old meadow already thickly set with a great variety of low land vegetation. Whether the seed was good or not, we have no means of knowing, but it never grew. The seed costs from three to four dollars per bushel, and sometimes sells as high as five dollars. It is too expensive to be wasted by experiments of doubtful character, and on a large scale.

Correspondence.

From our Special Correspondent.

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 26, 1882.

Since a dozen years, German farmers complain that pig fattening is not at all remunerative, es- pecially if the animals belong to a race not at all precocious. On the other hand, it is objected, that if the English breeds are precocious, the amount of fat they put up is so in excess of muscle, that rapid development is still a disadvan- tage. The "Lincolnshire" is a breed considered to be exempt from both drawbacks, and barley, crushed maize, cooked potatoes, distillery waste, and skim milk constitute the general feeding. Thus, pigs littered at the end of July, were weaned when six weeks old, then fed till the end of No- vember, on flour, meal, and milk preparations, with clover, when the fattening commenced—they at this stage weighing 70 pounds; after five months they were slaughtered; 356 pounds each was the live weight, and the price realized 13 sous per pound, from which must be deducted 8 sous for keep, leaving 5 sous per pound profit, the ma- ture being placed against the other expenses. It has been found that of all cereals, maize is that which gives the best results for fattening pigs.

Is it a sound practice to employ substitutes for milk in the rearing of young animals. Do at- tempts in this direction really mean progress? In the case of calves, the matter is very questionable. The agricultural college of Grignon has conducted very carefully, some experiments, to test the re- ported value of a preparation called *Lactina*, in the case of lambs. The 18th of March last, twenty lambs, aged eight days, were selected; being twins, one-half were left with the mothers, and the other ten fed on lactina, by means of the artificial mam- mal. The animals were weighed at various periods. The lactina powder was prepared following the printed instructions, save that instead of ceasing to mix it with cows' milk after the fifteenth day, the milk was continued during two months, so the substitute had all in its favor. The lambs were fed four times a day on the artificial food; they belonged to the races dishley, dishly-Merino, and Southdowns, and were of both sexes. The other ten lambs were left with their mothers, as usual. Each weighing revealed that the lambs nourished by the mothers, had made double the progress over those artificially fed, and in no case was the inferiority less than one-third. The result after 4½ months' trial was, the average weight of the lambs reared on the lactina, was forty pounds; those reared by the mother, sixty-four pounds. Sex in the present case, could not explain the dif- ference since the animals were under this head equally selected.

M. Fleischer of the agricultural college of Bre- men, has been conducting since three years, ex- periments on peaty soils, to test the efficacy of partly soluble phosphates and the superphosphates. The former proved the more beneficial. The phos- phoric acid readily soluble, is not absorbed by the humous earth, so consequently disappears quickly from the stratum where the roots exist; indeed this acid exercises a deleterious effect in soils already acid. Bone dust, guano, gelatinous phosphate, phosphorite, in a word, all substances containing soluble phosphoric acid yielded the same results, even on old, as well as on new peaty soils. Hitherto, it was believed that peat soils contained a good deal of free sulphuric acid which acted on the recalcitrant phosphates. M. Fleischer shows that the energetic action is due to humic acid.

Potash is a fertilizing element whose restoration to the soil is indispensable, as it is carried off by crops in considerable proportions. This restitu- tion becomes the more imperative when plants of the leguminous family, such as clover, disappear, to be replaced by moss. Unwashed wood ashes, containing six to eight per cent of potash, and three to four of phosphoric acid, often produce marvellous effects; the moss disappears, and the clover and similar plants take its place.

M. Rimpeau at Schlanstedt, and Prince William at Schaumbourg, have been occupied with the in- fluence of potash on the production of sugar in beet. After the bedding was cleaned in the morn- ing, the boards were then strewn with one cwt. of kainite, and ½ cwt. of gypsum, per two tons of soiled bedding. The latter on being removed, was allowed to steep in putrid urine, and in time ap- plied at the rate of eleven tons per acre, to a marly soil. The manure enriched with kainite, produced a slight augmentation in yield of roots, over the gypsum combination. The salient fact elucidated by Prince William on his estate in Bohemia is, that chloride of potassium exercises no essential action in humid years, while in dry seasons, 1½ cwt. per acre secures an increase of three tons of roots per acre; that the salt of potash acts less by furnishing that element to vegetation, than by its absorbing and retaining humidity for the plant.

The Prussian minister of agriculture appointed Messrs. Koniget & Krauch to study the changes which water undergoes, and the action it produces when applied in irrigation. The experiments took place at Munster, where several systems of water- ings and drainages are employed. About five per cent of the water employed on an average, escapes by the subsoil. In a soil destitute of fissures, &c., the loss is less than is generally imagined. Heavy and persistent rains do not penetrate the soil be- yond twelve inches, and humidity entered in pro- portion, as the surface presented cracks, or was honey-combed by moles, &c. Drains flow only when the rain has ceased, and discharge waters that have arrived from distant points, due to accu- mulation in impermeable strata, &c. The more the temperature of the water employed for irriga- tion is elevated, the more beneficial it is for vege- tation. The water in flowing over the meadow, cools quickly if the air be cold, while if the con- trary, it augments rapidly. Even in cold seasons, the water possesses a sensibly higher temperature than the soil, thus preserving the latter warmer for a longer time. The fertilizing action of irri- gating water, depends less on the absorptive prop- erties of the soil upon the matters held in solution, than on the precipitation of the matters in suspen- sion, and the direct absorption of these nutritive elements by the roots of plants. The only nutri- tive element retained by the earthy particles with persistence, is potash, and the water is deprived of the mineral matters it contains, in proportion as the temperature of the soil, of the water, and of the air augment. It is from the water directly then, that plants extract nutriment, save potash, which the soil seizes upon. Thus, in the seasons when vegetation sleeps, the water escaping by drainage from irrigated meadows is poorer in pot- ash, owing to absorption by the soil, than the irri- gating water itself. The application of potash salts to grass lands under irrigation, produces an elimination of the lime in the soil; the equilibrium becomes re-established when the potash ceases to be applied. Similar observations apply to phos- phoric acid. The irrigating water introduces oxy- gen into the soil, similarly as does tilling the land; it reduces the acidity also of the soil, as the water escaping by the drains, is proverbially richer in acid combinations.

Belgium has started a new idea, that of found- ing an agricultural station, or technical college, exclusively devoted to the conduct of scientific and practical experiments connected with the growth and manufacturing of sugar beet.

The Pasteur process of vaccinating sheep as preservative against *charbon*, after proving a suc- cess in the north of France, has turned out the same in the warm south. The point on which at- tention is now fixed is, for how long, six, twelve, or thirty-six months, does the efficacy of the pock endure? Time of course will settle the point. Native Barbary sheep are proverbially known to resist charbon, but when crossed in France, that immunity disappears.

That other scourge, the phylloxera, continues to extend its devastations. Authorities are con- fidencing to make up their minds to expect that malady as permanent, and requiring to annually employ insecticides against it, as sulphur is for the oidium. The best insecticide is still sulphuret of carbon joined to fortifying manurings. Irriga- tions during autumn are excellent, and M. Jules Maistre even practises some during summer.

The prospects of the beet crop are good; the density of the juice is remarkably satisfactory; only continued moist weather can make an alter- ation.

For the New England Farmer.

PROTECTION AND ITS EFFECTS.

A Farmer's View.

In travelling over New England one will not fail to notice the worn out appearance of the land com- prising most of the farms that are located at the distance of only a few miles from the large busi- ness centres. The buildings, too, have a look that betokens a want of that constant care that is al- ways needed to keep them from going to decay. And many will be seen that are now entirely desert- ed, which, perhaps, were the once happy homes of some family that were from force of necessity, obliged to separate and leave the old homestead, and go out into the world each to seek a livelihood as best they might. The proprietor may have been a hard-working and industrious man, a good citi- zen and neighbor, but fate seemed against him. His farm, left him as a legacy from his father, was badly run out, and in trying to obtain the where- with to supply his growing family, he was obliged to sell a little wood every year (if he was so for- tunate as to have a wood lot) also a little hay, to piece out the ends where they came short, until finally the wood was all gone, and his hay crop growing less and less year by year, he was oblized to sell a portion of his stock. Then, perhaps, his crops failed, and he borrows a little money to sup- ply his needs until he can raise more, hoping to be able to receive enough from his labors for the sup- port of his family, and to repay what he borrowed. But when the year comes round he finds that the cost of living, to say nothing of Taxes, has been so high, and clothes and shoes for himself and family so dear, that he not only cannot pay back the money he has borrowed, but is obliged to mort- gage his farm for a little more. From that time on things grow no better until, as I have stated, he is obliged to leave.

Now all this cannot be laid to extravagance, for he has not bought anything to be used in the house that could be raised upon the farm, neither has he bought anything else, but what common decency required for the comfort of his family.

What I have stated is not an over drawn picture, but one that can be seen almost every day among the country inhabitants of New England. That being the fact, it is very evident that there is some- thing wrong somewhere. The question is, What and where is this wrong?

Perhaps one of the greatest if not *the* greatest of wrongs lies in the discrimination that is made by Government in favor of manufactures as against agriculture, in the form of duties on manufactured goods, imported into the United States from other nations.

But there is one other, that in my opinion has something to do with it, and that is the railroads.

Nearly all the railroads in New England, that have been, and are being constructed, were, and are built largely at the expense of the towns through which they pass, the towns furnishing money and taking the Company's stock, are, in other words, giving them a certain sum of money towards its construction, for there are but few, if any of the roads, that have ever paid the stock- holders the full amount of their claim. That be- ing the case the question comes right home to every farmer: Can I afford to mortgage my pro- perty, for the benefit to be derived from this new road.

For the sake of illustration, we will take the Boston, Barre and Gardner Road, when that was built, the towns along its line that took stock in it, were obliged to increase their debt to the amount of the stock so taken. And it is no more than just that they should receive some benefit for such an outlay of funds. Now let us see what that benefit is. By helping build the road, they have opened another highway to the West where land is cheap, and the fertility of the soil apparently unbounded, and the taxes are low. One man in Minnesota told me recently that all the tax he paid on his claim of 360 acres was $24.00. Here we are giving the Western farmer the advantage of still another direct road, into our best market.

All farmers, situated as those are of which I have spoken, are to-day taxing themselves to pay inter- est (to say nothing of the principal) on credit or on money loaned that they will never see returned, and at the same time are doing that which tends to lower the price of the produce which they them- selves wish to sell. These railroads seem to place the Western farms, with all their richness, right at the door of the consumer in our Eastern cities, and while doing that, they are also, by the discrimina- tion made in charges for freights, really putting the wornout farms in our country towns still farther in the distance. A railroad man said to me, the other day, that the Gardner road did not get the "smell of a cent per ton for taking Western freight over its line."

Major Alvord, at the State Board meeting held at Greenfield two years ago, made the following statement: That the Boston and Albany Railroad [illegible]gely owned by the State, yet the cheese mak- ers in Berkshire and Worcester counties, part owners of the road, are compelled to pay four times as much to carry a ton of their products to Boston as is paid for the same weight of Wisconsin cheese, carried over the same rails.

So, you see, that in many cases the New England farmer is taxed heavily to give the Western farmer a chance to compete with him, at great odds, in his own market. Is it a wonder, then, that we find, as we do, farms that were once happy homes, de- serted?

I have cited these cases as examples, but the process has been going on for more than fifty years, with what result? Why, to build up large cities at the termini of the railroads and at occasional in- termediate points, but, at the same time, sapping the life out of the country that lies between.

I do not wish to be understood as arguing that the railroads are an injury, but I do think that the parties most benefited should pay for what they receive, and not the farmers.

In studying the condition of agriculture in Mas- sachusetts, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that, as a whole, it has declined. Not that products have grown less in quantity or in value, but that it has not kept pace with other industries. There has been a great change within my own re- membrance. The farms that lie near the large cities or towns produce a very much larger amount, while those at only a short distance away, com- paratively, are to-day producing very much less than they did twenty-five years ago. That fact alone is enough to show that there is something wrong in the laws that regulate the exchange of commodities between man and man.

It is acknowledged by all that agriculture is at the foundation of all industries, that it is represent- ed by the roots and trunk of a tree, while the limbs and branches represent other interests.

Now it can not be otherwise, than that in time, the top will die if we girdle the trunk. The nat- ural laws of trade are very simple. If the farmer is blessed with good crops, and is allowed to dis- pose of what surplus he has, over and above what is required for the support of himself and family, he feels that he can afford to buy more or less of those things that tend to make home pleasant. Therefore, when he goes to the city or town with a load of corn, he exchanges it there for such things as he may want, thereby giving employ- ment to some other of his fellowmen. If the far- mer's crops fail, business stops, for the manufac- turer can not sell his products unless nature has yielded the farmer's labor something to exchange for them.

When we put a stumbling block in the way of a free exchange of all the products of labor, by offering bounties (for protection is nothing else) to one or more of them, we drive capital from the unprotected to the protected industries, there- by protecting capital in one industry at the ex- pense of labor in the other. In the case of agri- culture, if all other industries are protected, capi- tal is withdrawn from agriculture, leaving labor unassisted, and from that cause working at a disadvantage, for in order that there may be a healthy state of society there should be a due pro- portion of capital combined with labor in all in- dustries.

We will suppose that there is no cloth made in Massachusetts, and that a farmer has ten bushels of corn, and that one bushel of corn will buy one yard of imported cloth. After the exchange, he has nine bushels of corn and one yard of cloth. If any one could make a yard of cloth as easily as he could raise a bushel of corn, that would end the matter; but if he could not, it would be be- cause capital and labor are all employed, or that it takes more capital and labor to make a yard of cloth than it does to raise a bushel of corn. Let us suppose that it takes a bushel and a half of corn to make a yard of cloth. A protectionist steps in and proposes to the government to tax imported cloth to the value of one-half bushel of corn. Now it that policy is carried out, a yard of im- ported cloth can not be obtained for less than one bushel and a half of corn, and then the manufac- turer commences to offer his cloth at a bushel and a half of corn per yard. The farmer who has ten bushels of corn buying at the new rate, has eight and one-half bushels of corn and one yard of cloth. Now, where has the other half bushel of corn gone? Why, there is but one place it could go, and that is, in the form of capital from the hands of the farmer into those of the manufacturer with- out anything being given in return. The farmers of Massachusetts in that way are taxing them- selves to a greater or less extent to increase the capital of the manufacturer, giving him the power to pay better wages for the same amount of labor performed than the farmer can, and thereby driv- ing intelligent labor away from agriculture.

J. P. EATON.

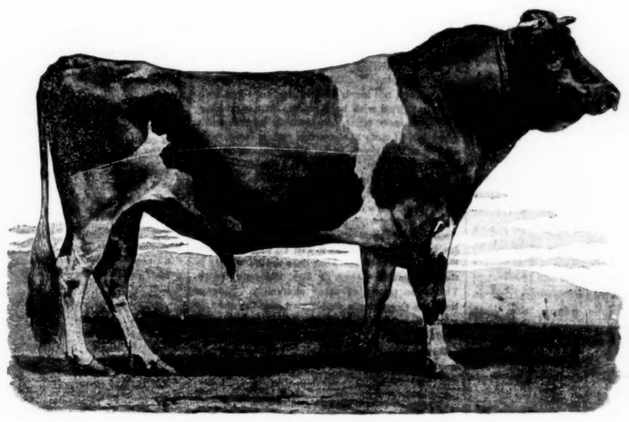
For the New England Farmer.

CORN WITH POTATOES.

Your correspondent, John Dimon, who called on me a few days since, to see my colt, "Moun- taineer," and who, on returning home, sent you a letter for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, in which he alluded to my crop of corn grown in a potato field, or potatoes in a corn field, whichever way one may choose to call it, I fear, did not stay with me quite long enough to fully comprehend the advantage of this method of growing corn and potatoes—a method I have followed for the past four or five years with much satisfaction. He says, my method may do for John Brooks, but it would not do for John Dimon. Now, since Mr. Dimon was here, I have dug a quarter of an acre of the potatoes, and from that quarter acre sold twelve barrels at four dollars per barrel, or forty- eight dollars for the potato crop on one-fourth of an acre. The corn now left growing on the same ground, I am confident, is not excelled by any in the State. Beside the twelve barrels of market- able potatoes I had two barrels of small ones for feeding or for planting, which, at only a dollar per barrel, makes the net return per acre, $200, which I do not think is bad for a dry season like this.

The variety planted was Early Rose, and they were put in May first, in hills three feet apart. They were hoed the first of June, and corn planted between the hills. The potatoes and corn were hoed together once, and then when the potatoes were dug the first of August, the corn got another hoeing at the same time, free of cost. The corn, a medium early variety, was at that time tasseled, and had reached its full height, giving an accept- able shade, under which my men worked when digging the potatoes; an advantage in favor of this method of growing them, which, I doubt not, my friend Dimon would fully appreciate if he had the digging to do. JOHN BROOKS.

Princeton, Mass., Sept. 6, 1882.



JERSEY BULL GILDEROY.

Gilderoy, 2107, was bred by Mr. Holder Borden Bowen, and dropped May 7th, 1876. The above excellent likeness was taken from a photograph as a five years old. Gilderoy stands at the head of probably one of the best herds of Jerseys in the country, the "Ferry- cliffe Farm" herd, the property of Dr. H. M. Howe, Bristol, R. I. Gilderoy is not what is known as of "solid" color, for it has been the aim of his owner to breed his herd with the view of getting animals capable of giving large and persistent butter yields, whether "broken" or of the fashionable solid coloring.

"Chrome Skin," 7881, as a three year old, made in seven days nineteen pounds and one ounce; "Gold Mark," at the same age and time, fourteen pounds and fourteen ounces, and "Daisy's Daughter" fifteen pounds, two ounces; these are daughters of Gilderoy, and are but a part of a long list of those having good records.

Gilderoy has been famous as a prize winner at all the exhibitions at which he has competed. In 1879 he won the sweepstakes medal at the New England Fair, and also the first premium in the class of three year old bulls, and in the same year took the first premium at the Rhode Island State Exhibition. In 1881 he led the first prize herd at the Rhode Island State Fair, and also took the first premium, with a show of five of his progeny.

For the New England Farmer.

OUR CORN WEEDER.

I need not again remind you of the interest your editorials awaken in the minds of us who are try- ing to improve our methods of farming in Vermont, but perhaps a word of encouragement may not be amiss. Your recent suggestions upon growing corn without the use of hand hoeing being among the best and most important for farmers in this State, where so much of the land under cultivation is capable of being worked by all the modern im- proved implements.

During the year ending June 1882 not less than $30,000 has been paid out in this town alone for feed grains from the West and South, and could the purchasers have been induced generally to grow corn by means of horse cultivation in years gone by, a very large share of this money would have been saved, and the farms improved by ploughing and planting more land to corn and oftener re- seeding the land for future crops of grass.

Nearly thirty years ago the writer purchased a horse corn planter and has been trying to get this method of planting into general use. During the last four years, as help has been growing scarce and wages high, one after another has been trying the machine, and the result is that during the past spring I have had call for ten new planters, and some twelve or fifteen planters of more recent but not better pattern have been sold in *this town* alone, and a much larger area has been planted than ever before, every man hoping to grow his own grain for making the tons of gilt edged butter sent to market in "prints" of from one ounce to one-quarter pound size—mostly in four ounce prints. One of our progressive farmers has a field of some ten acres grown entirely by horse cultivation, being planted by a horse and hoed with a pair of horses and a Thomas Smoothing Harrow. Occasionally a plant is upset in harrowing, but far from enough to affect the saving in cultivation; and where fields are so situated that long rows and free turnings at the ends can be had, three years' trial has proved this a cheap and effective way of growing corn. A large majority of fields, however, on our hill- sides and irregular-sha

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

The Jeanette survivors arrived in New York on Wednesday, by the steamer Parthia, and were received with great enthusiasm.

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus, is suggested as an appropriate motto to be inscribed on the seal of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia.

The United States signal service expedition under Lieutenant Ray, which is stationed at Point Barrow, where it passed the whole of the last winter, has been heard from, and reports complete success, and all well.

One of the consequences of the recent break in corn and provisions futures in the primary markets, was the failure of three large operators in New York in one day. This at least is cheering as far as it goes, but we wish there had been more of them.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." That was what a crafty fellow thought who has lately been on a swindling tour among the farmers of Connecticut, and chose for the time being to call himself by the name of Professor Stockbridge, rather than by his own less distinguished appellation.

The recent rain storm has broken the drought in New England, and although too late to be of any practical benefit to the crops, it has filled up the streams, and for a time at least, has relieved the fears of the people as to a water famine. In this vicinity more rain fell in this single storm than has fallen in all the other showers since July 1st.

There is now in the possession of the money order branch of the United States postoffice department, no less than $1,250,000, which has been accrued since the beginning of the money order system, from money orders that have not been paid. Under the rule which has hitherto been in force, postmasters have been prohibited from giving information to the payee of a money order that advice of such order has been received, and so from one cause or another, the person to whom the money rightfully belongs, fails to get it, and it is retained in the possession of a department of the government that has not the slightest shadow of a claim to it. Regulations just issued will put a stop to this abuse, and will require the postmaster to take as much pains to find the payee of a money order, as he is required to discover the proper owner of a postal card.

THE CROPS OF THE COUNTRY.

The September report of the department of agriculture on the condition of cotton shows improvement since the first of August in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas, and some deterioration in South Carolina, Georgia, and States of the gulf coast to Louisiana, inclusive. The general average of August was 94; of September, 92, which is the same as in September of 1880, and higher than in any other season for ten years. Last year the average dropped from 85 in August to 70 in September. The State averages are as follows: Virginia, 90; North Carolina, 80; South Carolina, 95; Georgia, 89; Florida, 83; Alabama, 90; Mississippi, 88; Louisiana, 89; Texas, 101; Arkansas, 100; Tennessee, 89. These figures indicate, as they stand, a large crop, but from every quarter comes the intimation of too much rain for heavy fruiting, too much "weed," from shedding of bolls, a tendency to rust, and a later development of bolls than usual. Under these conditions early frost would be especially injurious. The caterpillar has made its appearance in many counties of the gulf coast States; in some places the second generation is "webbing up." While the damage is inappreciable as yet in most cases, fears are expressed that the third brood may do great injury. The boll worm is reported at many points in Denton county, Texas. Their destruction is estimated at $100,000. The corn crop in all the region south of Pennsylvania and of the Ohio river is in high condition in every State except West Virginia, represented by 100 or higher figures. In many districts of the South the crop is reported the best in twenty years. In the New England States there has been a very sharp decline, except in Vermont; from 81 to 75 in Maine, 92 to 62 in New Hampshire, 87 to 60 in Massachusetts, 93 to 70 in Rhode Island, and from 96 to 65 in Connecticut. A decline of eight points in New York and New Jersey, and of four in Pennsylvania is indicated. The loss in all these States is due to the drought, which has been especially severe in New England. There has been abundant rain in all other States. In the corn growing States of the Ohio valley the prospects average very nearly as at the last report. The general average of the condition is 83—the same as in August. Last year there was a decline from 77 in August to 60 in September. In 1880 the September average was 91. If early frosts do not injure the crop, the product will be materially larger than last year, but the heavy production of 1879 and 1880 cannot be approached under the most favorable circumstances. The oat crop when harvested was in unusually high condition, yielding heavily in threshing. The general average is 100, very few States falling below that figure, among them New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. The rye crop is also above the average in nearly all the States, and was harvested in good condition.

The general average of tobacco is 89—in Pennsylvania 86, Maryland 92, Virginia 93, Kentucky 91, Ohio 65, Missouri 93.

The result of the spring wheat harvest is in close accordance with the indications of the August report. The quality is good and the yield above an average. The general condition of winter and spring wheat, when harvested, is represented by 100, an average rarely attained since the harvest. In parts of the winter wheat region, especially in Michigan and Indiana, some millions of bushels have been lost by sprouting in the stack. There has also been some loss of spring wheat from the same cause in Wisconsin and other States. The Ohio valley has nearly as large product as in 1879. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have apparently secured about one hundred and forty-two million bushels. The South has increased both her acreage and yield per acre. The aggregate of winter wheat, as indicated by the September returns, is about 380,000,000 bushels; spring wheat, about 140,000,000, or 520,000,000 in all. The threshing test may slightly modify these figures. The first threshing generally exceeded expectations; the latter threshing has in many sections been disappointing. It is quite certain that the per capita supply of wheat will not be quite so large as in 1879 or in 1880. The cable message from our statistical agent in London, dated September 11, is as follows: "Reported improvement in European crops is confirmed. The wheat crop of Germany is better than was expected; of France, a full average. The price of wheat is constantly falling everywhere. The Vienna Congress claims the world's wheat supply above the average." The average condition of potatoes in August was 101; it has fallen in September to 92. Last year the decline during August was from 92 to 70, and continued in a greater ratio till harvest. The prospect is now favorable for a crop of not less than 150,000,000 bushels, from the present outlook. The decline has been heaviest in New England and New York. The prospect has improved in Maryland and Virginia; has been well maintained in the Ohio Valley and lake region, and has not materially changed west of the Mississippi River. Only Wisconsin and Kansas of the Western States fail to show averages of 100 or higher. Maine stands lowest at 65.

"Blood-food" is the suggestive name often given to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because of its blood-enriching qualities.

THE STAR ROUTE VERDICT.

At length the celebrated "Star Route" trial which for several weeks has been dragging its slow length along in the criminal court at Washington has come to a conclusion, and the jury has rendered a verdict with which no honest man in the country could by any possibility be satisfied. Peck, the contractor, who is dead, and beyond the jurisdiction of the court, is acquitted, as is also Turner, the clerk in Brady's office, as to whom the prosecution had already been abandoned, and so far as these two cases go, no one will be inclined to take exceptions to the verdict. John R. Miner, formerly of Sandusky, O., one of the ring contractors, and apparently the most insignificant one of the lot, is convicted, as is also Rerdell, formerly the private secretary of ex-Senator Dorsey, and whose confession was, after all, the most important and convincing testimony in the case. As to Brady, Stephen W. Dorsey, John W. Dorsey and Henry M. Vaile, the jury disagreed. That is to say, the jury were unanimously convinced that a conspiracy existed, and that overt acts had been committed in furtherance of it, but some of them were unable to see that if Rerdell and Miner had conspired with Brady and the rest, Brady and the rest must have conspired with them. Lord Dundreary says of the proverb that "birds of a feather flock together,"—"Of course they do; how can one bird go off in a corner and flock all alone by himself?" The dissenting members of the jury insist that two of the smallest of this nest of unclean birds have succeeded in solving this tremendous puzzle, and have flocked all alone, while the larger birds of the same feather have all the time been sweetly unconscious of their actions. In whatever light the verdict is considered, it looks like a ridiculous and inexplicable travesty on justice, and it is certainly received as such by the press and people of the whole country.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, it is declared by William Dickson, the foreman of the jury, that on the 23d of August he had been approached with an offer of $25,000 by an officer connected with the department of justice (who produced letters of appointment as a special agent of that department, and stated that he was authorized to act in the matter) if he would vote for the conviction of Brady and S. W. Dorsey. This story would be at once scouted by everybody as utterly incredible, if it were not that there have been so many other incredible occurrences in the course of the trial, and if it were not generally admitted that the course of justice in Washington is peculiarly subject to indirect influences of various kinds. Other members of the jury also claim to have been approached in a similar manner by agents of the defence.

As the matter stands at latest advices, the government counsel expect to be able to get to work on the preparation for a new trial at once, and hope to get the matter into court in October. It is generally understood that the government counsel count upon securing other and stronger evidence than they have had on the last trial, and it is accepted as settled almost beyond dispute that they are looking forward to Rerdell's turning State's evidence if the motion for a new trial in his case is refused, and this before he receives his sentence. The verdict of the people, however, is already made up, and whatever may be the result of a new trial, should such trial ever take place, the common sense of the country will not cease to regard the whole flock of conspirators as birds of a feather, and all equally guilty.

A NATIONAL FAIR.

A National Bazaar, Art, and Industrial Exposition will be held in the rotunda and adjacent halls of the National Capitol at Washington, D. C., November 25th to December 3d, (inclusive) 1882, as authorized by joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, August 7, 1882. The object of this undertaking is to raise funds with which to erect a statue in that city to the memory of General James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, which work is in the hands of a committee of the Society of the Army of Cumberland, who have already collected for this purpose some twenty thousand dollars, and expect, with the results of the exposition, to have a sufficient sum with which to erect a work befitting the great name it is proposed to commemorate.

The art exhibition will be under the direction of the leading artists resident in Washington. It is hoped that artists throughout the entire country, professional and amateurs, will aid the work by contributing some one work—as a gift to the fund—to be sold for its benefit, and be willing to exhibit others, under such rules and regulations as may be determined by the Board of Direction.

Contributions from the ladies in the way of needle and fancy work are especially invited and anticipated as one of the more prominent features of the exposition.

All exhibits will bear the name of artist, manufacturer, etc., and will remain in place until the close of the exposition. Arrangements for transportation of exhibits are being made, and details will be given on application to the Board of Direction, rooms 90 to 96, Ebbitt House, Washington, D. C.

Hingham Agricultural Fair.—The twenty-fourth annual fair of the Hingham Agricultural and Horticultural Society opened on Tuesday morning, but owing to the unpropitious weather the show was not fully inaugurated until the afternoon, and there was an entire absence of horses and cattle. The heavy rain preceding did not allow the producers sufficient time to pick their fruit, and in consequence it was decided by the committee to defer until Wednesday the awarding of prizes and the other exercises announced for Tuesday, and to continue the fair another day; inside the hall during the afternoon the display was both varied and attractive. Some fine hot-house growths of black Hamburg grapes from F. Burr & Co. were seen at the entrance, and other displays of fruit, vegetable and flowers were made by U. S. Bates, S. Whiton, Luther Stevenson, J. G. King and Amos Bates. A fine specimen of a sago palm was exhibited by Nellie G. Fearing. Good specimens of furniture and needlework were shown. An object of interest was a husk mat made by Jacob Grose, who is 90 years of age. The Hingham Band furnished the music. The dinner took place at 12 30 Wednesday, at which addresses were made by Governor Long, Gen. Banks, Col. Jonas H. French, Secretary Henry B. Peirce, Secretary Russell and others. Balloon ascensions and a variety of races were also provided for the entertainment of those who attended.

New England Fair.—We notice that the Osborn Plow Sulky was awarded all premiums offered by the Society, at the Field trial Thursday, at Worcester. A large number were present from every State. The Osborn is without question the leading Sulky, and is having a large sale.

Agricultural Convention.—The American Agricultural Association will hold its third annual convention at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, commencing Wednesday, December 15th and continuing three days. As at the previous conventions of the association, addresses will be delivered and papers read upon topics of living interest, by some of the leading agriculturists and scientific men of the country, which papers will be followed by a general discussion of the subjects treated, and of such other points as may naturally arise. Agricultural societies in all parts of the country are invited to send delegates, and a general invitation to attend and take part in the proceedings is extended to all farmers and persons interested in agricultural science and practice. The association is arranging for a grand National Agricultural Exhibition to be held next autumn, some of the details of which will probably be considered at the convention.

We are pleased to call attention to the "*New England Syndicate and Development Company's*" advertisement, which appears upon the third page of this issue. This Company's officers come to us well recommended by several leading business men and bankers, and its plans recommend themselves to the public. We commend this advertisement to the attention of all having moneys to invest in large or small sums.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From D. Lothrop & Co. we have received Magna Charta Stories. Edited by Arthur Gilman. Illustrated. Price $1.00.

The twelve stories here brought together, are intended to illustrate the persistence which the idea of freedom has been pursued from the earliest historic times down to the days of King John and Barons. They are written in a bright and popular style, and with a strict adherence to the facts of history. Anna Laurens Dawes relates the story of Judas Maccabeus. Amanda B. Harris presents anew the legend of "Horatius at the Bridge;" the editor contributes "Miltiades at Marathon, "In the German Woods Long Ago," and "Out of the Dark;" Lizzie W. Champney tells the story of Leonidas and his three hundred at the pass of Thermopylæ; Rose Hawthorne Lathrop describes the battle of Chalons between the savage Huns under Attila on one side, and the Goths and Romans on the other; Susan Coolidge has a sketch of the siege of Syracuse two thousand years ago, and Harriet Slidell Mackenzie gives in brief but effective form the story of "Magna Charta."

Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On. By Pansy. Price $1.50.

"Mrs. Solomon Smith" is a quaint old lady from the country, not much used to city ways and manners, but gifted with keen powers of observation, some common sense, considerable humor, and a good deal of tact; a character rather stereotyped among story writers, but always pleasant to meet and to read about. She visits the city and attends a Sunday-school convention which she describes with much truth, and some unconscious satire. Subsequent visits among her relatives give her opportunities of studying human nature under various circumstances, and of putting in her word in season just where and when it will be most effective. But the interest of the work does not lie wholly in the sayings and doings of Mrs. Solomon Smith. There are plenty of other characters. Some of them are exceedingly well-drawn, and the story in which they all play a part is full of incident and happily told.

Oliver Ditson & Co. publish still another new singing book entitled

The Peerless; For Singing Classes, Institutes, Academies and Schools. By W. O. Perkins. Price 75 cents.

Of the comparative merits of the almost innumerable collections of this kind, it is impossible to judge, but of the Peerless it is enough to say that it is an excellent class book, made by a skilful teacher, and filled with a great variety of sacred and secular music, some of which is new, and some endeared to every one by long association, but all selected with the same good taste and judgment that have marked the compiler's previous efforts in the same direction.

The enterprising and reliable newspaper Advertising Agency of Horace Dodd, No. 265 Washington St., has issued a new edition of the *Advertiser's Manual*, a neat and unpretentious little volume, which tells the intending advertiser just what he wishes and needs to know about the newspapers of the country, without lugging in all sorts of extraneous and irrelevant matter to confuse his ideas and perplex his judgment. Advertisers will find the manual a most convenient volume for reference, and the house which issues it a wide awake and trustworthy one.

B. B. Russell, 57 Cornhill, has issued a neat folding map of Massachusetts, colored so as to show the Congressional districts under the new apportionment, and giving also in tabular form the towns and parts of towns comprised in each of such districts. In these particulars, as well as in the ordinary features of a map, such as railroads and the like, the map is reliable and very convenient, and the price is only 40 cents.

The Fisheries of Massachusetts.—A census bulletin has just been published, giving the statistics of the fisheries in Massachusetts. According to the tables, 20,117 persons are actually engaged in the several branches of this industry, to which number may be added about five thousand persons employed in the manufacture of nets, lines, hooks, rigging and fish boxes, and the building of the vessels and boats used in the fisheries, including the families of fishermen and of others dependent on the fisheries. It is estimated that 100,000 persons in the State rely upon this industry for their support. The total capital invested in vessels, boats, netting, traps, wharves and buildings, factories and their apparatus, and the cash capital required to conduct the business is $14,334,450, and the total value of the products as placed upon the market is $8,141,750. This is the value to the producer, and it to this amount be added twenty-five per cent, as the expenses and profits of the wholesale dealers of the State, we have $10,177,187 as the total wholesale value of fishing products. The value of fish alone is $5,054,900. The value of miscellaneous products, such as lobsters, clams, oysters, oil and guano is $997,513, and the value of the products of the whale fishery is $20,893.37. The production of the fisheries is for the year 1879, and is estimated to have been about 10 per cent less in quantity, and about 20 per cent less in value than the production for 1880 or 1881.

Texas Beef.—A party of gentlemen representing large cattle raising and financial interests in southwestern Texas are in this city examining cold storage warehouses and systems of refrigerator cars for the transportation of dressed meat, with a view to establishing the practice of sending dressed meat from the grazing plains of Texas to northern markets. These gentlemen have been long accustomed to drive their cattle long distances on foot, to railroad stations for shipment to Chicago, but the continued sale of lots of the public domaian north to cattle raisers will soon, they think, prevent them from doing so. Now, their cattle can forage on public lands while on the march, but then they would be trespassing on private property. These gentlemen also say that the shipment of cattle on the hoof reduces its weight and quality one-half before it arrives in Chicago, beside which they have to pay the same rate for hoofs, horns, intestines, etc., as for the valuable portions of the carcass. In consequence of these drawbacks, it is urged that Texan beef has been compelled to rank low in the market. They expect to be able to manufacture their own ice, on a large scale and at a comparatively insignificant cost for the supply of their cool storage houses and refrigerator cars. If they decide to adopt the plan on which they seem at present resolved, eastern consumers will certainly be able to buy beef at a lower rate than for the past few months.

Ex-President Hayes and wife, who have spent the summer at their beautiful place, Spiegel Grove, Fremont, Ohio, intend to take a long trip East the last of this month, and will attend the meeting of the Peabody Trustees early in October in New York. Miss Fannie Hayes begins a term at the boarding-school in Cleveland in October, and her brother is to enter at the School of Technology, in Boston, to study civil engineering.

Arabi Bey treats the captive midshipman Dechair like a prince, keeping him in a little palace in the centre of a beautiful garden near the Abdin Palace.

The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequalled for brilliancy and durability. 10 cts.

The Knights of Labor at Pittsburg, Pa., have raised $30,000 to establish a co-operative pottery there.

Lady Beautifiers.—Ladies, you can not make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

The population of Winnepeg has increased from 10,000 to 25,000 in one year. The building operations this year are estimated at nearly $3,000,000.

Failures.—Scores of young men have started well in life, but through mismanagement, or "hard times" overtaking them, fail in business and ever afterward float along apparently with no aims or ends. Swayne's Ointment *never* fails in curing Itching Piles and all Skin Diseases. There is no guess work about the preparation. Its originator has a level head, and what he says it will do, you can rely upon. All druggists keep it, and those who suffer should try it and be made happy.

California produced over 10,000,000 gallons of wine last year, and the production is annually increasing.

Why suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion when you may be relieved by Wheat Bitters.

A project is on foot for the purchase of a tract of land on the inner shore of Great Hog Island, off the coast of Maine, and the formation there of a colony of summer residents. It is the intention of the projectors that only those who are rich enough to go the whole hog shall be admitted to the colony.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

A Varied Performance.—Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

It is estimated that the financial loss in Egypt by the war will reach £70,000,000. The value of the cotton crop alone, which is virtually ruined, would have amounted to £40,000,000.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The apple crop in western New York is an utter failure this year.

☞ Four hundred Arrapahoe Indians are on the war path in the Indian Territory.

☞ The Savannah river, in Georgia, rose 17 feet in a few hours, during the storm on Sunday.

☞ The Hon. Samuel W. Hale, of Keene, has been nominated for Governor of New Hampshire by the republicans.

☞ During the thunderstorm of Saturday last, one man was killed and five were wounded by lightning at Yantic, Ct.

☞ Brown & Sherwood's hat factory at Bridgeport, Ct., was destroyed by fire last Saturday afternoon. Loss $10,000.

☞ A serious conflagration occurred in St. Roche, Quebec, last Thursday, by which property to the amount of $150,000 was destroyed.

☞ The recent forest fires in Sandwich, Mass., burned over 10,000 acres of woodland, and the bills for fighting the fire will amount to over $4000.

☞ Henry S. Scribner, brother of the late Charles Scribner, the New York publisher, was robbed and murdered Friday night, at Des Moines, Iowa.

☞ The Shrewsbury Farmers' and Mechanics' Club has voted not to hold any fair this year on account of the drought. The floral show will be postponed for the same reason.

☞ The Crescent mills and elevator at Denver, Col., were destroyed by fire on Tuesday the property loss reaching $225,000. The elevator was the largest in the State and was full of grain.

☞ Edson P. Moore, an employe in the pulp mill at Passumpsic, Vt., was instantly killed last Monday morning by being caught in a shaft making 300 revolutions per minute, being horribly mangled.

☞ The Augusta, Me., Soldiers' Monument Association has completed arrangements for dedicating the monument September 21. It is intended to make the procession the largest and most brilliant ever seen in Maine.

☞ The strike of the iron workers at Pittsburg, Pa., has entirely broken down and the men are breaking away from the Association and seeking work at the best wages they can get.

☞ The losses by fire in the United States during the first eight months of the present year, foot up over $61,000,000, a sum $7,000,000 greater than the average of the past four years.

☞ A natty dressed, plausible speaking man, giving his name as "Professor" Stockbridge of the Amherst Agricultural College, has been swindling the farmers of New London county, Ct., recently.

☞ The doctors in Newport, R. I., are disputing over a case of alleged Asiatic cholera in that city, and the people, unable to decide when doctors disagree, are uncertain whether they had better run away or stay at home and face the risk.

☞ The election in Maine last Monday resulted in a decisive victory for the Republicans, who elected their candidate for Governor, and an overwhelming majority in both branches of the State Legislature, with four members of Congress.

☞ The erection of an equestrian statue of Paul Revere, in this city, is contemplated, and a committee of fifteen citizens has been formed to take charge of the matter and to devise ways and means to raise the necessary funds, and to decide upon the artist and the model.

☞ The farm buildings of George T. Foss in Hopkinton, N. H., were burned last Friday. Estimated loss $8,000. Cause a defective chimney. Several hogs, about 150 fowls, a lot of grain and produce, and almost all of the furniture were consumed.

☞ A severe storm visited South Deerfield and adjacent towns last Friday afternoon, doing an immense amount of damage to the unharvested tobacco. It is estimated that the loss will be $15,000 each to South Deerfield, Whately and Sunderland.

☞ The codfishery along 500 miles of the coast of Labrador is declared to be an absolute failure. There are over a thousand vessels fishing on that section of the coast, and on the general average they will not realize one-third of a remunerative voyage.

☞ The state health officer of Texas informs the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service that no yellow fever exists outside the lower cordon, and that he and the Governor of Texas are of the opinion that the upper cordon, from Corpus Christi to Laredo, can safely be abandoned within a few days.

☞ Thirty-five experienced operatives from Sweden have arrived at Troy, N. Y., and will take the places at the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, of workmen who removed from Cohoes during the recent strike. The operatives who took part in the strike are daily applying for work, and the mills are running steadily.

☞ During the year ending June 30, 1882, 789,000 foreigners were added to the population of the United States by immigration. The number of immigrants during the three years last past was nearly two millions, or almost as many as during the whole of the eight years just previous.

☞ A projected fox-hunt, after the Newport fashion, on Long Island, in Boston harbor, has been put a stop to by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the officers of which announced that they would arrest the participants in the hunt, if it was allowed to come off.

☞ The Massachusetts Horticultural Society's annual exhibition will open next Tuesday, and will continue until Friday evening. The fruits, flowers and plants to be displayed represent an unusually large variety of species, and their arrangement will be made with the care and skill for which the members of the society are noted.

☞ The stage coach which runs between Seligman and Eureka Springs, Ark., was stopped Saturday evening by two masked men heavily armed, and the ten passengers in the stage were robbed of about $2000 and considerable jewelry. The mail pouch was also robbed of registered letters. There is no clew to the robbers.

☞ Five hundred Kentucky mules for the use of the English army in Egypt, were shipped on board a steamer at New York last week. For fear that Irish "Skirmishers" might make an attack on the British reinforcements, an extra guard of police was maintained upon the vessel until she was all ready to sail.

☞ One of the Raymond Excursion parties will leave Boston on Monday next over the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad, for a five days' trip to the Catskill Mountains; the same route that the members of the Massachusetts Press Association enjoyed so well, earlier in the season. A pleasanter route, for the time allotted, could not have been selected.

☞ Governor Sprague has come out ahead in the proceedings by which it was sought to deprive him of Canonchet, the Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island having decided that possession of the property by the pursuer could be taken against Governor Sprague's remonstrance only by a writ of ejectment; and the petition of trustee Chafee for advice and assistance in the matter was dismissed.

☞ Secretary Gilbert, of the Maine State Board of Agriculture, traces the outbreak of the Texas cattle fever at Dixmont to seven Texas cattle which were bought by a farmer in that town in June last, and kept in the pasture with his other cattle for four or five weeks, when they were sold for beef. Eight animals have died of the disease, one has been slaughtered, and the rest of the herd have been carefully isolated.

☞ The Maine Grangers had a reunion at Cedar Grove, North Bucksport, Me., on the line of the Eastern Maine Railway, last week. All granges in Hancock county, and many in Penobscot, Waldo and Washington counties were represented. The throng in attendance numbered over 3000. The principal speaker was Hon. Frederic Robie, Master of the State Grange. E. G. Gregory of Hampden presided. In addition to the speech by State Master Robie, addresses were made by ex-State Master Thing, B. D. Thomas and C. M. Freeman.

☞ Secretary Chandler has decided to reestablish a receiving ship at the Portsmouth, N. H., naval station. The Constitution or Constellation will be towed there for that purpose and permanently moored off the Navy Yard between Pumpkin Island and Kittery Foreside, near where the Sabine and Vandalia were formerly anchored. Efforts have been made to secure a receiving ship at that station since the Vandalia was taken from that service eight years ago. The Constitution is especially desired from historic associations.

☞ Prof. G. Browne Goode, and others, from the Smithsonian Institute have been at Gloucester, Mass., making collections for the United States display at the international fishery Exhibition to be held in London next May. The ground will be thoroughly canvassed. The exhibition part of the United States will include models of vessels, apparatus, drawings by Elliott, showing the methods of handling fish products, with specimens, products, fishing literature, etc. Gloucester is expected to furnish valuable contributions to the exhibit.

We Mean Business.—Let any responsible dairyman collect 25 cts. from each of 12 butter makers and keep the cash himself. Send us their names and address, and we will deliver to him, express paid, one dozen 25 cent bottles of our Butter Color, one bottle for each man. When half consumed, if any one is not perfectly satisfied, let them return the bottle to him and get their full money. When all have reported, send us the cash from those only who prefer to keep the goods. We are ready to send out one million bottles on these terms. If any consumer can find fault with Thatcher's Orange Butter Color we desire to hear from him. Manufactured by H. D. Thatcher & Co., Potsdam, N. Y.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1882.

[Corrected weekly by Hilton & Woodward, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton;* Geo. H. Russell, Nos. 17 & 19 *Poultry and Game;* H. Bird & Co., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams;* Crosby, Bros. & Co., Nos. 57 & 59, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs;* Sands, Fur, ber & Co., Nos. 86 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables;* Shattuck & Jones, No. 128, *Fish;* Geo. E. Richardson & Co., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ₩ lb—		Cheese, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 16
Lump . . .	30 @ 60	Sage . . .	12 @ 16
Creamery, .	30 @ 33	Brie, each . . .	@ 30
Prime tub .	27 @ 30	Neufchatel, ea .	@ 8
2d quality .	24 @ 26	Eggs, ₩ doz . .	26 @ 28
common, .	20 @ 23	Cape, . . .	28 @ 35

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—₩ bbl	2 00 @ 3 50	Concords, lb . .	@ 8
₩ pk . . .	25 @ 50	Hamburg, lb .	50 @ 75
Cantaloups, ea .	15 @ 35	Lemons, ₩ doz	25 @ 30
Cranberries, qt .	@ 15	Muskmelons, ea	15 @ 25
Cocoanuts, ea .	5 @ 8	Oranges, ₩ doz	40 @ 70
Grapes—		Watermelons, .	20 @ 25

Fruits and Nuts--Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₩ lb .	25 @ 40	Prunes, ₩ lb . .	15 @ 20
Apples, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 15	Peaches, ₩ lb .	20 @ 25
Castana, ₩ lb .	10 @ 15	₩ qt can . . .	@ 50
Citron, ₩ lb . .	25 @ 38	Raisins, lay'rs	2 @ 25 @ 33
Dates, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 15	keg, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 15
Figs, ₩ lb . . .	15 @ 40	Shagbarks, ₩ qt	8 @ 10
Filberts, ₩ lb .	15 @ 20	Walnuts, English	15 @ 20
Peanuts ₩ qt .	10 @ 15	Naples, . . .	@ 20
Pecans ₩ lb . .	@ 20	Zante currts, ₩ lb	@ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, ₩ pk . .	87 @ 1 00	Onions, pk . . .	@ 50
String, pk . .	@ 50	Peas, spilt, ₩ qt	@ 10
Shelled, ₩ qt .	30 @ 35	Peppers, pk . .	@ 50
Beets, ₩ pk . .	@ 35	Potatoes, ₩ pk .	@ 35
Cabbages, ea .	15 @ 18	₩ bushel . .	@ 1 25
Carrots, ₩ pk .	@ 50	₩ barrel . .	2 75 @ 3 00
Cauliflowers, ea	25 @ 50	Squash, ₩ lb . .	@ 2
Celery, bch . .	@ 15	Sage and Thyme—	
Cucumbers, ea .	@ 2	₩ bunch . . .	@ 6
Egg plants, ea .	10 @ 20	Squashes—	
Lettuce ₩ head .	@ 5	Marrow, ₩ lb . .	@ 4
Mushrooms, lb	1 00 @ 1 25	Tomatoes, qt .	@ 10
		Turnips, ₩ lb . .	@ 50

Meats--Fresh.

Beef, ₩ lb—		Lard, leaf, . .	12 @ 15
Sirloin steak	27 @ 33	Fried . . .	16 @ 20
Round do. .	18 @ 25	Mutton	
Rib, roast .	20 @ 25	legs, ₩ lb . .	13 @ 17
Chuck do. .	15 @ 18	fore qr, ₩ lb	8 @ 12
Plate and navls	8 @ 10	chops . . .	17 @ 25
Soup pieces .	6 @ 10	Pork, ₩ lb—	
Liver . . .	10 @ 12	Roast and steaks	13 @ 15
Heart, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 10	Suet, ₩ lb . .	3 @ 4
Hogs, round, ₩ lb	@ 8	Tallow, ₩ lb . .	8 @ 10
Haslet, sheep, ea	@ 5	Veal, h'd qr ₩ lb	17 @ 20
Kidney, each .	@ 10	fore qr . . .	10 @ 15
Lamb—		loins . . .	15 @ 25
hind qr, lb . .	18 @ 20	Sweetbreads, lb	@ 50
fore qr, lb . .	12 @ 16		

Meats--Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₩ lb	15 @ 17	smoked, ea .	87 @ 1 00
Bacon, ₩ lb . .	15 @ 17	Sheepskins, ea .	@ 50
Shoulders, ₩ lb	11 @ 14	Pigs' feet, ₩ lb .	@ 8
Salt, ₩ lb . .	12 @ 14	Sausage, ₩ lb . .	10 @ 15
Beef, corned, ₩ lb	10 @ 12	Bologna, ₩ lb . .	12 @ 15
Smoked, ₩ lb .	20 @ 25	Tripe, ₩ lb . . .	10 @ 15
Tongues, ₩ lb .	13 @ 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₩ lb .	20 @ 30	squabs, ₩ pr .	75 @ 1 00
Ducks, ch'ce, ₩ lb	@ 20	Pigs, suck'g, ea	1 50 @ 3 00
Fowls, ₩ lb . .	22 @ 25	quarter, ₩ lb	10 @ 15
Geese, ₩ lb . .	@ 15	Turkeys—	
Green, ₩ lb . .	18 @ 25	choice, ₩ lb .	25 @ 30
Pigeons, ₩ doz	50 @ 1 00		

Fish--Fresh.

Bass, ₩ lb . . .	@ 17	chicken, ₩ lb . .	@ 16
Bluefish lb . . .	@ 10	Mackerel, ea . .	8 @ 12
Cod, ₩ lb . . .	@ 7	Spanish, lb . .	@ 25
pickled, ₩ lb .	@ 8	Pond's salmon	30 @ 35
tongues, ₩ lb	15 @ 18	Perch, large . .	@ 15
cheeks, ₩ lb .	@ 10	Pickerel, lb .	10 @ 12
Liver Oil, pt .	@ 40	Tautog, ₩ lb . .	@ 12
Cusk, ₩ lb . .	@ 7	Trout, salmon, ₩ lb	@ 25
Eels, ₩ lb . . .	10 @ 12	brook, ₩ lb .	30 @ 75
Flounders, ea .	@ 10	Turbot, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Frog's Legs, doz	@ 50	Tongue, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Green Cod, ₩ lb	@ 5	Smelts, ₩ lb . .	@ 20
Haddock, ₩ lb .	@ 6	Sword fish, ₩ lb	@ 15
Halibut, ₩ lb . .	@ 15		

Fish--Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Cod, dry, ₩ lb .	@ 10	Lobster, ₩ lb . .	@ 10
Clams, qt . .	@ 75	Oysters, Cove, ₩	@ 1 25
Halibut, smkd, ₩ lb	@ 15	₩ gall . . .	@ 1 25
Fins, ₩ lb . .	@ 12	Salmon, smk'd	20 @ 25
Herrings, do. ₩ dz	@ 20	Shad, ₩ lb . .	@ 25
Scaled, ₩ box .	@ 35	Soft sh. crabs, dz	@ 1 00
Mackerel—		Tongues and Sounds—	
Salt, each . .	@ 8	₩ lb	@ 12½
Salt, ₩ kit .	3 00 @ 5 00		

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1882.

The storm has to some extent affected the produce market, both as regards the receipts of produce of all kinds, and the attendance of buyers. The retail trade is quite active, as people are now settled at home, and there is on the whole a fair amount of business doing.

Butter.—Receipts of the week 16,492 pkgs and 1311 bxs. The market has been very steady during the entire week, and there is no change to note in the prices of firsts and seconds, though the latter are quite dull, both of creameries and dairies, that are held above our quotations. We quote choice freshly made creameries at 28@30c, fair to good New York and Vermont dairies at 26@28c, fair to good northern dairies at 24@ 26c; common at 22@23, choice June factory at 19@21c, fair to good factory at 17@19c, and baker's butter at 15@16c per lb.

Cheese.—Receipts of the week 8876 boxes and — bbl. Trade has been light, but prices for good stock remain firm, while holders not pressing sales. We quote choice factory at 10½@12c, with occasional lots held higher; fair to good factory at 9@10c, skims and common qualities at 6@8c, and farm dairies at 11@12c for choice, and ranging downward from that figure, with but little in the market.

At Utica, N. Y., the regular sales of cheese were 5000 bxs at 11c, 3500 at 11¼c, and 600 bxs at 11½c. Others consigned.

Eggs.—Receipts of the week 6058 boxes and — bbls. There is a fairly

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " "
Business Notices, first " 15 " "
Each subsequent " 10 " "
Reading Matter Notices, . . . 50 " "

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as possible, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in the paper.

Discount advertising must be prepaid.

Special advertising must be prepaid.

Special advertisements inserted for less than one dollar.

No advertisement inserted without extra charge.

Special terms for Probate and Farm Advertising.

☞ The above are set prices for all advertising less than a square.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following persons, who are authorized Agents for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscribers in the following Counties in the States named:

RHODE ISLAND. . . . WASHINGTON Vt.
. . . CHITTENDEN CO., Vt.
. . . WALLO, PISCATAQUIS, AROOSTOOK COS., ME.
. . . ESSEX CO., MASS.

We shall be glad to have our friends forward their subscriptions, and we request every Agent to call. The date on the paper will show how far they have paid.

Farmers' Directory.

Cards under this head appear in this paper, and are most reliable in the country.

KENNEDY & MURPHY, . . . *Franklin, Boston,* . . . Harness." Standard

. . . & H. HILL & CO., . . . skilled mechanics, . . . Leather. All . . . of heavy HARNESS

. . . FOUNDRY CO., . . . HIGH AND . . . FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES, HOLLOW WARE, Etc., . . . 50 & 51 North St. . . . Boston.

. . . SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO. . . . Fertilizer. For Sale . . . throughout New . . . England. . . . and directions fur- . . .

. . . CURTIS, . . . BOSTON. . . . MERCHANTS. . . .

. . . 1857. . . . JONA. BICELOW & CO., . . . PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, . . . 3 MARKET STREET, . . . Dealers in Fruit, Pro- . . .

. . . ESTABLISHED 1818. . . . AMOS LAWRENCE & CO., . . . DEALERS IN . . . BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POULTRY, . . . Evaporated Apples, &c. . . . BOSTON. . . . CHAS. A. KEYES . . .

. . . ESTABLISHED 1876. . . . WM. F. BROCKS & CO., . . . Wholesale Dealers in . . . FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE, . . . Beans, Pork, Lard, . . . Apples, &c. . . . Liberal advances solicited. . . . Parker's New England House. . . . CHAS. O. BROCKS. . . .

. . . ESTABLISHED 1876. . . . W. D. B. BROOKS, . . . Successor to . . . FURNITURE, CARPETINGS, . . . Mattresses, Clocks, &c. . . . 9 MARSHALL STREET. . . .

. . . INSURANCE. . . . Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co. . . . Boston, 1842. $450,000.00 . . . Cash Capital, . . . Cash Assets, $353,569.74 . . . Liabilities, 18,000.26 . . . LOSSES PAID IN FULL, $160,673.26 . . . Policy 50 per cent. reserve, and 20 per cent. on 5 years. . . . W. W. SWIFT, Pres't and Treas. 17

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

. . . ster, son and . . . n Curtis, had . . . recently while . . . yacht upset, . . . four ladies . . . into the . . . gentle- . . .

. . . Agriculture has . . . some of $10,- . . . his researches . . . health permit, he . . . visit to this coun- . . . rate to monarchical . . . democratic life . . . theological point of . . .

. . . following inscription is . . . Rome where Prof. . . . visited to the . . . Mr. Morse from the . . . 20th January, 1831. . . . electric magnetic . . . Washington on the 22nd . . . took New York on the 2nd . . .

. . . Mr. Jacob A. Cram, of Span- . . . the University of . . . previously been a native . . . people Turk, an Arab . . . an old Italian soldier . . . clerk in a Liverpool . . . fruit peddler in . . . the Confederate . . . an convict. It . . . it is after all . . . ly as all the sto- . . . origin are told with . . . , made to order, . . .

. . . Robbins, D. D., for- . . . at his home in Wes- . . . died, at the age of . . . of the best known and . . . clergymen in the Uni- . . . ing pastor of the . . . Boston, from his first en- . . . ministry, in 1833, until his . . . 1875. Dr. Robbins was . . . historical researches; the more . . . importance of his published works are "A His- . . . of the Second Church in Boston, with . . . Mather and Cotton Mather;" two . . . the death of Rev. Henry Ware, . . . two historical discourses on the . . . the "new brick church;" the . . . ordination sermon in 1836; memoirs of . . . Rev. Alexander Young and Hon. William Ap- . . . and various papers in the collection of . . . Massachusetts Historical society; lectures . . . the Lowell institute, . . . in various literary and religious . . . periodicals. He also edited the works of Rev. . . . Henry Ware, Jr., D. D., compiled two hymn . . . books, and published numerous sermons.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

. . . rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed- . . . chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Drug- . . .

. . . Hawkins of Tennessee has said that . . . Districts of the South as a manufacturing sec- . . . are very flattering, and is especially enthusias- . . . his own State. About $2,000,000 are now . . . in Tennessee in cotton factories, and they . . . are paying large profits.

. . . Miss Lydia E. Pinkham has not really dis- . . . covered the Alchemist's secret, the ancient Alchem- . . . *Water Life* which the ancient Alchemists sought for so much patient research and per- . . . sistent experiment, her medicine seems, at least, likely to command an immense sale and universal . . . popularity in the future. If rapid progress and . . . eminent success furnish any basis for a correct . . . judgment, Mrs. Pinkham is a most promising . . . candidate for such honorable distinction as the . . . alchemists failed to achieve.

. . . HEADACHE.—There are various causes for head- . . . ache, a derangement of the circulating system, of . . . the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. . . . Vegetine can be said to be a sure remedy for the . . . many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon . . . the various causes of this complaint—Nervous- . . . ness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neu- . . . ralgia, Biliousness, &c. Try the Vegetine. You . . . will never regret it.

. . . A CELERY garden of forty-six acres, believed to . . . be the largest in the world, is cultivated in the . . . suburbs of London, and the annual product is . . . about half a million roots or plants.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS. 1882.

State, Provincial, &c.

American Institute,	New York,	Sept. 27-Dec. 2
Arkansas,	Little Rock,	Oct. 16-21
Canada Central,	Guelph,	Oct. 3, 4
Colorado,	Denver,	Aug. 1-Sept. 30
Connecticut,	Meriden,	Sept. 19-22
Illinois,	Chicago,	Sept. 25-30
Illinois Fat Stock,	Chicago,	Nov. 16-23
Indiana,	Indianapolis,	Sept. 25-30
Maine,	Lewiston,	Sept. 26-29
Massachusetts Hort.,	Boston,	Sept. 19-22
Michigan,	Jackson,	Sept. 18-22
Montana,	Helena,	Sept. 25-30
N. E. Manufacturers Institute,	Boston,	Sept. 5-Nov. 10
New Hampshire,	Concord,	Sept. 19-21
New Jersey,	Waverly,	Sept. 18-22
New York,	Utica,	Sept. 25-29
Ontario,	Kingston,	Sept. 18-23
Ontario Central,	Hamilton,	Sept. 26-29
Pennsylvania,	Pittsburgh,	Sept. 7-21
St. Louis,	St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 2-7
Western Michigan,	Grand Rapids,	Sept. 25-30

County and Local.

MAINE.

Aroostook,	Houlton,	Oct. 6, 7
Buxton and Hollis,	Buxton Centre,	Sept. 26-28
Chesterville,	Chesterville,	Sept. 20, 21
Cumberland Co.,	Portland,	Sept. 26-29
Cumberland Farm. Club,	W. Cumberland,	Sept. 20-22
Franklin,	Farmington,	Oct. 10-12
Franklin, North,	Phillips,	Sept. 20, 21
Franklin Central,	Strong,	Oct. 4, 5
Jay,	Jay Hill,	Oct. 4, 5
Kennebec,	Readfield Cor.,	Oct. 3-5
Kennebec, North,	Waterville,	Sept. 19-21
Knox,	Rockport,	Oct. 3-5
Knox, North,	Washington,	Oct. 10-12
Lincoln,	Damariscotta,	Oct. 3-5
Oxford,	So. Paris,	Oct. 3-5
Oxford, West,	Fryeburg,	Oct. 10-12
Penobscot,	Carmel,	Sept. 20-22
Penobscot, West,	Exeter,	Sept. 26, 27
Penobscot Central,	West Charleston,	Oct. 3
Piscataquis, East,	Milo,	Sept. 27, 28
Piscataquis, West,	Monson,	Oct. 11, 12
Piscataquis Central,	Foxcroft,	Oct. 3-5
Pittston,	Pittston,	Oct. 12
Sagadahoc,	Topsham,	Oct. 10-12
Scarboro' and Cape Elizabeth,	Pleasant Hill,	Sept. 19, 20
Shapleigh and Acton,	Acton,	Oct. 10-12
Somerset, West,	North Anson,	Oct. 3, 4
Washington,	Pembroke,	Sept. 27, 28
Washington, West,	Jonesboro',	Sept. 27, 28
Washington Central,	Machias Park,	Sept. 19, 20
Waldo,	Belfast,	Oct. 3-5
Waldo and Penobscot,	Monroe,	Oct. 4, 5
Windham,	Windham Centre,	Oct. 4

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Belknap,	Laconia,	Sept. 19-21
Bradford & Newbury,	Bradford,	Sept. 28, 29
Cheshire,	Keene,	Sept. 27, 28
Coos,	Lancaster,	Oct. 3-5
Rochester,	Rochester,	Sept. 26, 28

VERMONT.

Battenkill Valley,	Factory Point,	Sept. 28, 29
Caledonia,	St. Johnsbury,	Sept. 19-21
Dog River Valley,	Northfield,	Sept. 19-22
Lamoille,	Morrisville,	Sept. 26-28
Pompanoosuc Valley,	Post Mills,	Sept. 26-28
Poultney Industrial,	South Poultney,	Sept. 26-28
Rupert,	West Rupert,	Sept. 26-28
Rutland,	Rutland,	Sept. 19-21
Springfield,	Springfield,	Sept. 27
Union,	Tunbridge,	Oct. 3-5
Windham,	Newfane,	Sept. 20, 21
White River,	Bethel,	Sept. 19-21

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury & Salisbury,	Amesbury,	Sept. 21, 22
Ashburnham,	Ashburnham,	Sept. 28
Attleboro' Farmers and Mechanics,	Attleboro',	Oct. 3-5
Barnstable,	Barnstable,	Sept. 26, 27
Berkshire,	Pittsfield,	Oct. 3-5
Bolton,	Bolton,	Oct. 4
Bristol,	Taunton,	Sept. 26-28
Brockton,	Brockton,	Oct. 4
Deerfield Valley,	Charlemont,	Sept. 21, 22
Essex,	Haverhill,	Sept. 26, 27
Franklin,	Greenfield,	Sept. 26, 29
Grafton Farm's Club,	Grafton,	Sept. 21
Hampshire, Franklin, &c.,	Northampton,	Oct. 4-6
Hampshire,	Amherst,	Sept. 21, 22
Hamplen,	Chicopee,	Sept. 26-28
Hampden East,	Palmer,	Sept. 19, 20
Hansen Farm. Club,	Hanson,	Sept. 27, 28
Hoosac,	Holden,	Sept. 20
Hoosac Valley,	North Adams,	Sept. 19, 20
Housatonic,	Gt. Barrington,	Sept. 27-29
Lancaster,	Lancaster,	Sept. 20
Leominster,	Leominster,	Sept. 20
Lunenburg Far. Club,	Lunenburg,	Sept. 19
Martha's Vineyard,	West Tisbury,	Oct. 4
Middlesex,	Concord,	Sept. 26-28
Middlesex, North,	Lowell,	Sept. 26, 27
Middlesex, South,	Framingham,	Sept. 19, 20
Milbury,	Milbury,	Oct. 12, 13
Natick Farmers' Club,	Natick,	Sept. 27, 28
North Brookfield Farmers' Club,	North Brookfield,	Sept. 19
Oakham,	Oakham,	Sept. 21
Plymouth,	Bridgewater,	Sept. 26-27
Princeton,	Princeton,	Sept. 19
Rutland Farm. Club,	Rutland,	Sept. 21
Union,	Blandford,	Sept. 21, 22
Uxbridge and Mendon Farm. Club,	Uxbridge,	Oct. 4
Worcester, West,	Barre,	Sept. 28, 29
Worcester, North,	Fitchburg,	Sept. 26, 27
Worcester, Northeast,	Athol,	Oct. 3, 4
Worcester, Southeast,	Milford,	Sept. 26-28

RHODE ISLAND.

Aquidneck,	Newport,	Oct. 10-12
Washington,	West Kingston,	Sept. 19-21
Woonsocket,	Woonsocket,	Sept. 19-21

CONNECTICUT.

Chester,	Chester,	Sept. 28
Clinton,	Clinton,	Oct. 4
Danbury,	Danbury,	Oct. 2-7
Guilford,	Guilford,	Sept. 27
Harwinton,	Harwinton,	Oct. 4
Milford and Orange,	Milford,	Sept. 27, 28
New London,	Norwich,	Sept. 26-28
New Milford,	New Milford,	Oct. 3-5
Pequabuck,	Bristol,	Sept. 27, 28
Ridgefield,	Ridgefield,	Sept. 19-22
Simsbury,	Simsbury,	Oct. 5, 6
Southington,	Southington,	Oct. 11-13
Tolland,	Rockville,	Sept. 29, 30
Tolland, East,	Stafford Springs,	Oct. 5, 6
Union,	Union,	Sept. 26-28
Watertown,	Watertown,	Sept. 26-28
Westbrook,	Westbrook,	Oct. 10
Willimantic Far. Club,	Willimantic,	Sept. 28-30
Windham,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 19-21
Woodbridge and Bethany,	Woodbridge,	Sept. 20, 21

If you have rheumatism or neuralgia apply a *Hop Plaster*; it has a wonderful soothing effect and its pain-allaying properties will afford immediate relief. 25 cents at druggists.

THE Tecumseh (Ala.) iron furnace lately blew out, after continuing in blast over seven years. This is said to be the longest continuous blast ever made by any furnace in the United States.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

THERE is a superfluity of ice in Philadelphia, and on Saturday last twenty-one vessels loaded with ice lay at the wharves, unable to find storage. One captain pitched his cargo of 700 tons overboard, rather than wait to get rid of it otherwise.

COMPARE the dose and quantity of Hood's Sarsaparilla and you have conclusive proof of its superior strength and cheapness. Try it.

THE rope with which a Kansas murderer was hanged has been woven into bookmarks and given to the convicting jury as keepsakes.

A CYCLONE.—Two boys were playing in the sand together last summer, when one of them suddenly asked: "I say, Charley, do you know what a cyclone is?" "Not ezzactly, Jimmy—but it is something what mashes everything all to bits." "Oh, well, then I know what it is," exclaimed Jimmy, brightening up, "it is Swayne's Ointment, for my father says that will smash the intense itching at night, and all sorts of humors, all to flinters!" Sensible father, that; and the boy—why, some time he may come within one vote of being chosen by the people to govern the affairs of this great nation. Remember Swayne's Ointment.

Now and then a lucky find in the gold mines rewards the Californians of the palmy days in the early history of the country. A short time since one of the owners of a mine at Eagle Gulch, with a hammer and chisel, cut out one solid lump of gold worth $2700. In the course of a few minutes he took $10,000 out of one ledge.

"WHEN my horses were sick with what was called lung fever, last spring, I gave Sanford's Liver Regulator (liquid) in one ounce doses, twice a day. They all recovered speedily.

E. T. MICHENER,
"Prop'r Michener's Express, Jenkintown, Pa."

DECATUR county, Ga., has produced one hundred bushels of corn to the acre. A third crop of corn has been raised by a citizen of Americus, in the same State.

TRY AYER'S PILLS and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to body and mind caused by habitual constipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills in mild doses will restore the torpid viscera to healthy action.

THE recent forest fires at Sandwich ran through a young apple orchard belonging to the estate of the late Watson Freeman, badly scorching and burning the leaves, and apparently ruining the trees. Within the past few days, however, many of these young trees have put forth new leaves, and are now in full blossom.

Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.

MISS KREAMER, a young girl living near Helena, Ark., has twenty-two acres planted in corn and seven planted in cotton, and will make forty bushels of corn to the acre, and a bale of cotton to the same amount of land. She did all the ploughing, and has attended to the crop without assistance so far.

WANTED - Fifty thousand of the good people of New England to try Wheat Bitters, a sure cure for Malaria—"One who knows."

SATISFACTION FOR TEN.—In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Chronicle.*

THE *thunders of the Vatican* are, *ex-cathedra*, usually said to be infallible. This term applies, in its broadest acceptation, to the effects of that world-renowned preparation, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Heart disease, no matter how aggravated or long standing, is always cured by this wonderful medical preparation. The druggists all keep it. $1. At druggists.

ST. LOUIS is becoming jealous of other cities in Missouri. Kansas City has outstripped St. Louis as a cattle market, and St. Joseph is giving the old metropolis a lively rub as a distributing centre of goods.

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.—I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

IT is reported that a project for establishing telephonic communication between Europe and America is occupying the attention of electricians and capitalists in this country and Europe. Submarine cables especially adapted to the purpose are said to be in process of manufacture, and a charter has been granted by the French government.

"FIGURES are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

MR. E. S. BAKER, our consul at Buenos Ayres, thinks that the rearing of ostriches could be made quite profitable in the United States. He says the birds are capable of bearing the climate of almost any of the States, but that the business ought not to be attempted except in the milder portions of the country, as the Southern, Southwestern and Pacific States.

Professors Owen, MacFarren and Max Muller, Rev. Canon Farrar and Rev. Joseph Parker, Dr. Siemens, Dr. Andrew Clark, Charles Mackay, LL. D., and Dr. W. B. Richardson, the Royal Academicians, G. W. Watts and Thomas Woolner, Erasmus Wilson, E. L. Blanchard, Henry Broadhurst, M. P., and Lord George Hamilton, M. P., have joined the London Committee on the Memorial to Longfellow.

☞ A conference of persons opposed to compulsory vaccination is to be held at Hartford, Ct., Tuesday, Sept. 26.

HOW DOES COMPOUND OXYGEN CURE? We answer in two important ways: First, by a rapid purification of the blood, in consequence of a larger supply of oxygen to the lungs, and second, by revitalizing all the nerve-centres, the Compound inhaled having in its manufacture become magnetized, which gives it the quality known to chemists as "ozone." A new and healthy action is at once set up in the diseased system and general improvement follows as surely as effect follows cause. If you wish to know all about this new and remarkable remedy, the use of which is rapidly extending to all parts of the country, send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

The English news this week is meagre and unimportant. Irish affairs are comparatively quiet. The greater number of the deposed metropolitan police force of Dublin are to be reinstated. An attempt to secure the commutation of the sentence of Francis Hynes, convicted of murder, was made by a public meeting at Dublin, presided over by the Lord Mayor, but was unsuccessful, and the culprit was hanged on Monday. A military force and 700 extra policemen were on hand to prevent disturbance, but there was no violence attempted. It will be remembered that it was for commenting on the conduct of the jury in this case, that the Hon. E. Dwyer Gray, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, was imprisoned for contempt of court.

Stephen J. Meany, an American newspaper correspondent, who was arrested at Dublin, has notified the magistrate of that place, that, acting under instructions from the United States government, he surrenders his recognizances to keep the pence; his bondsmen also have expressed their wish to surrender him into police custody. He has, however, denied on apparently good authority, that the United States government has taken any action whatever in the matter.

The cotton trade at Oldham, England, is in a very bad way, and it is feared that short time will become compulsory at all the mills, unless an unless an unexpected change for the better should soon take place.

The Egyptian War.

The military operations in Egypt, and the political complications connected with them, continue to form the principal subjects of the despatches from the old world, though apparently but little progress has been made in either of them.

The Nile has risen very high, and the Egyptian position at Kafr el-Dwar is said to be flooded. Accounts as to the number of Arabi's forces vary widely, the highest estimate setting them at 90,000, while other accounts declare that they are few in number, mutinous, and anxious to surrender.

The Egyptians made a reconnoissance of General Wolseley's advance posts near Kassassin on Saturday morning, and a heavy artillery fire was kept up for several hours. The British admit a loss of eighty in killed and wounded, that Arabi Pacha's plan was well devised and skilfully executed, and that his men fought very much better than they have heretofore. They, however, claim that the Egyptians were driven back to Tel-el-Kebir, with a loss of two hundred in killed and wounded. Later accounts say that the attack was a surprise to the British troops, and came very near being a success, the position of the British being for a time extremely critical. The bulk of the English force has arrived at Kassassin, and an advance movement was to have been made on Wednesday of the present week. The troops are suffering extremely from the hot weather. All news comes of course through English sources, and is subjected to a rigid censorship before it can be sent forward, but from the general tone of all despatches it is very evident that Sir Garnet Wolseley is finding his work much more serious than he had anticipated. The Egyptians have retaken four different positions from which they had been driven, and appear to hold their own with remarkable courage and determination.

There is still another hitch in the matter of the military convention between England and Turkey, relative to the landing of Turkish troops in Egypt. According to Lord Dufferin's version of the affair, the articles of the convention had been all accepted by the Porte, including a stipulation that the Turkish forces should land at Aboukir, but when the instrument was still unsigned, several alterations were made in it by the Turkish authorities, the principal being one permitting the Turkish troops to disembark at Port Said. This did not suit the views of Lord Dufferin, nor of General Wolseley at five o'clock Wednesday morning. The Egyptians were unprepared, not expecting an attack until later in the day, and their resistance began in the utmost confusion. When the fight actually began the British were within one mile of the Egyptian guns. It was still far from daylight, and the Egyptian guns were of little use at such close range. After a while the Egyptian fire became steady and precise. But by this time the British were masters of the situation and had quickened their advance. The British cavalry rushed ahead, cutting down the Egyptians with their sabres, and the infantry followed close with bayonets levelled. The advanced Egyptian forces being as yet unformed, could not withstand this manner of attack, broke and fled back. They were followed closely and cut and ridden down, and both the retreating and advancing forces reached the ramparts together, the former entirely broken up and the latter in perfect form. The

Poetry.

From the N. Y. Ledger.

THE KING AND THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER.

BY E. K. MUNKITTRICK.

There was once a king, in the days of old,
A monarch of Poland, proud and bold;
But something happened to crush his pride,
And the stern old monarch once knelt and cried;
And this is the way the story's told:

Down in his palace, one feasting night,
The enemy came, with lances bright;
Fast and heavy the blows did fall;
They conquered the revelers, one and all,
And although his guards did their duty well,
And the king was fighting with all his might,
They bore him away to a dungeon cell.

And there they left him till time should bring
His spirit down till for grace he'd sue,
And consent to give the invading king
The broad, green land, and the rivers blue.
"Yield, or in prison you die!" they said;
But never a fear the captive knew;
He spake, as he lifted his kingly head:
"I am king of my honor, alive or dead!"

But oh, how the weary months went round!
And how sad grew the king in his narrow cage!
He would walk up and down his prison's bound,
And moan and groan in his helpless rage.
The bright spring came, with flowers and birds,
And the beautiful summer came and fled,
And the autumn leaves grew gold and red;
But never a sound of friendly words
Did the monarch hear, as he sat alone,
On a bed of straw in a cell of stone.

And the only pleasant hours he knew
Were when a sweet, little, childish voice
Sang just like a bird, as clear and true,
In tones that made his heart rejoice.
A little maiden with eyes of blue,
Who sang at the end of the corridor,
Close by the jail's great iron-bound door;
And after a while the prisoner knew
That the voice like a bird in the wood so wild
Belonged to the jailer's little child.

And whenever his heart sank in his breast,
And he felt his burden too great to bear,
All evil fancies were put at rest,
And he had no thought of regret and care
When he heard the little maid singing there.

But one cold day, when the winter wind
Groaned dismally round the prison wall,
A sinful thought came into his mind,
And he said: "I is surely no sin at all—
They have left in my keeping my trusty knife—
It is surely no sin it I take my life!
For what is life to a man, alway
Shut out from the beautiful light of day?"

So he took the knife in his hand to strike,
When suddenly through his bars he heard
A voice as sweet as a singing bird;
And he said: "You may call me weak, if you like,
But there's something in me that cannot bear
To die the deed while she's singing there;
I will wait," he said—"I will wait till night"
And he dropped the dagger so cruelly bright.

And at last the night came, cold and dark,
And he lay alone on his bed of straw,
He had not a light, nor fire of spark,
And only the gleam of his knife he saw;
He raised it high, and upon his ear,
Faint as a whisper, but wondrous clear,
More sweet and more clear than ever, there fell
The childish voice that he knew so well,
But never before had he heard her sing
As he heard her sing that terrible night.
For her voice had a far-off, tender ring,
And it faded away as if in flight,
It sank and sank till the song was done,
And above the prison the clock struck one.

Then the King of Poland fell on his knees,
And prayed as he had not prayed for years;
But not for freedom, and not for ease—
He prayed as he wept with bitter tears;
But he prayed for a spirit as undefiled
As the soul that sang in the jailer's child.
Then through the window the knife he flung,
On the stones outside the cell blade rung,
And the King of Poland laid down his head,
And slept like a child on his wretched bed.

And lo! in the morning he woke, and spied
The door of his cell flung open wide,
And his gray-beard cap-and-plume stood there to greet
The king, who was now a king again;
And he rose, bewildered, upon his feet,
And heard the story, so brief and plain,
For his people had risen and pushed the foe,
And the King of Poland was free to go—
Free to go from the prison gate,
The honored prince of a mighty state.

The King stepped out to the portal wide,
And looked about him on field and tree;
He saw the glittering, sparkling snow,
Like diamond dust on each branch and spray,
The rivers were ice-bound in their flow,
And the winter's sun on the landscape lay.
"There is one," he cried, "that I wish to see!
Bring the jailer's daughter to speak with me."
But he saw the jailer's face grow pale,
And he saw the tears down the old cheeks rain.
"The jailer's daughter is dead!" they said,
"She died last night as the clock struck one!"

And they led him into a chamber bare,
Where a faint, white light the bars came through,
And there she lay, with her face so fair,
And crowned with her curling, golden hair,
And closed were the childish eyes of blue.

Then the King of Poland bent down his head,
"I know 'twas an angel's voice!" he said.

The Story Teller.

From Harper's Bazar.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

BY EMILY V. WHEELER.

"The fact of it is, Joseph," Aunt Phemy Smith was saying, her knitting-needles poised in air, "you'd ought to get married. Girls are all very well, but they can't provide for a man like a wife, and, besides, Phemy can't stay with you always. Philander Dunn is nigh about tired waiting for her now, and it ain't right to keep young folks apart so. You'd ought to be married."

Uncle Joe Badger tipped his chair back to a more comfortable angle, and looked abstractedly at his boots. He was tall and lank, and not at all good-looking; but very few people were that in West Canton, and as owner of the Badger farm, he felt able to dispense with other claims to regard. Besides, good looks belonged to young people, and Uncle Joe did not deny his half-century of experience.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I s'pose you're about right, Phemy." He sighed as he spoke, but it was not all in memory of the wife of his youth. Partly also the difficulties involved in the choice of her successor depressed his soul. He was a shy man, and he dreaded the needful preliminaries.

"You've waited a proper time," Aunt Phemy went on, answering that half of the sigh which referred to her sister; "and I'd be the last one to want you to marry in unbecomin' haste. Hetty was a good wife, and it ain't likely you can find her match in Canton. She was just the chipperest woman about a house I most ever see, an' she'd be the last person to want you unhappy for lack of some one in her place."

"Well, that's so," Uncle Joe assented, with a shade more animation; "an' I remember now, jest about a week before she died, she said suthin' like that. But I didn't see no call to take it serious then." He sighed again, looking out from the broad porch where they sat, past the wheat field and woodland to the deserted grave-yard on the hill. Even at that distance one could see the glimmer of the white stones in the sunshine.

"Did she speak of any one in particular?" Aunt Phemy asked. "She was always fond of Cynthy Bascom, I know. She told me once she thought Cynthy'd make such a good step-mother."

"There's no call to talk of a step-mother," Uncle Joe returned, "with Harrit an' Josephine settled in homes of their own out West, and Phemy all ready to be married."

Evidently his fancy was not caught by Cynthy Bascom's virtues. Aunt Phemy saw it, and veered at once. "Well, that's true enough, an' if Cynth is smart, she's not much to speak of in looks. Now there's the widder Holmes; she's full as spry, an' she's fine-appearin'."

"But she's got children."

"Only one to home. Dan provides for himself now, an' they'd never be no expense to you, for they've got money comin' from their grandfather."

"I don't b'lieve Hetty'd like a widder," Uncle Joe said, falling back now, as in her life, behind her apron. "She was always sot 'gainst widders marryin' 'gain, leastways if they had children."

"Well, there's Corneely Bogbee; she's suitable for age, turned forty, I know, an' a master-hand to work. She'd manage the farm for you an' take care of you et you got down with rheumatiz 'gin. An' you know the doctor said you was liable to another attack any time. It's your duty to think of that, Joseph."

"Yes, but Corneely, now—ain't she ruther—sorter—old—and domineering, so to speak?" ventured Uncle Joe, meekly.

"There's Jane Hotchkiss, but she's sort o' shiftless; never gits her washin' out before noon. An' Diodemy Barnes, she's too young."

"Why, I dunno," answered the other, doubtfully. "She must be nigh on to thirty-seven, ain't she?"

"Well I shouldn't wonder if she was," his adviser remarked, after a minute's pause to think the matter over. "But she ain't very healthy. Now let me see."

For in truth the field was narrowing. West Canton was full of spinsters and widows, and Joseph Badger could certainly pick and choose. But even he could not be too critical. Aunt Phemy saw the need of a little diplomacy, and took her cue from his last remark.

"There's Maria Stone, if you want some one younger. Or Abby Stebbins, though I'm free to confess she'd never be my ch'ice."

"Now, I always thought well of Abby, and so did Hetty. She said once she thought she'd be happier if she had a husband. An' Maria's took good care of her old father, you know."

"Well," answered Aunt Phemy, "it ain't a wife for me I'm a-selectin', an' if you fancy Maria or Abby, it's your own business. But I hope you'll make up your mind right off, Joseph. Widowers ain't expected to shilly-shally. Everybody knows what they're after the first time they come, an' you might as well say it straight out. Jest git yourself ready come Sunday night, an' go see one of 'em, an' have it off your mind. It's between harvest and threshin'. You couldn't have a better time."

But from this awful proposal Uncle Joe recoiled. He was willing to marry if his sister-in-law thought best; but he took such alarm at the mention of the needful steps toward it, that at last, in sheer pity, Aunt Phemy volunteered to see the elect lady, and sound the matter for him. In consideration of that favor, Uncle Joe left the selection pretty much to her.

"Just which you think best, Phemy," he repeated, anxiously, as he rose to go. "I dunno as I've a mite o' choice myself."

But Aunt Phemy had, and when next day she put on her sun-bonnet, took her knitting, and dropped in for a friendly call on Miss Maria Stone, it was with a peculiar purpose. It was a plain indication of Providence, to her mind, that the Stone wood-lot adjoined the Badger farm, since Uncle Joe's own "piece of timber" was nearly cut away. Her father was old and partly helpless from a stroke of paralysis. There were but the two daughters, and nothing seemed easier than that Prudence, the younger, should take her sister's place when Maria went to a home of her own. And Maria was a famous manager. She could run both homesteads if she chose; and Mrs. Smith, benevolently arranging the affair, felt quite sure in her own mind that she would.

Miss Maria was tall, angular, homely. It would not have seemed wildly uncharitable to suppose these the reasons why at the ripe age of forty-two she was still unmarried. But the lady herself always remarked, significantly, when approached on the subject, that every woman had her chances, and the lucky ones were those that never had cause to regret them—a Pythian utterance which always silenced inquiry. She received Aunt Phemy as cordially as the reserved fashions of the house permitted, and good Mrs. Smith thought this a favorable omen.

"I was sayin' only yesterday to father what a time it was sence we'd had a visit from you. Now jest set down, and take off your things, and spend the afternoon. Father'll be so pleased to see you! Shut up as we've been for the last three months, it does one a sight o' good to see some company."

"Well, I dunno," Aunt Phemy hesitated, modestly. "I only jest dropped in; but sence you're so urgent—No, no, I'll jest drop my bonnet off here" (resisting Miss Maria's attempt to take it). "He's gone to mill today, an' the' wa'n't nobody but the cat to hum. It seemed sort o' lonesome, an' set me to thinkin' of you. An' how is your father? He don't git over his stroke, I hear?"

"Oh, he's a good deal better of it. He sets up 'most all day now, and he gets out about the farm some. He's down in the south lot now with Prudy, but he'll be back soon. He likes to keep an eye on things himself."

"Well, you do hev your hands about full, don't you, Miss Stone?" began Mrs. Smith, who, considering the absence of the others a favorable dispensation of Providence, rather hurried to her mission. "The folks wouldn't know what to do without you. But it's a little contin' to my thinkin', for a woman like you. Ye'd ought to git out more. I scurce ever see you to meetin', an' you don't know what you lose. Parson Bellows give us a powerful sermon, last Sunday."

"No, I can't git out much," Miss Maria answered, and Aunt Phemy fancied a little sadness in her look and tone. "Father seems to need me 'most all the time, and there's a good deal to see to about the farm. Joel is honest and faithful, but he hain't much head, and of course, being the oldest, I take most of the care of things."

"Now I should think," ventured Aunt Phemy, "Prue an' you'd take turns seein' to things, an' takin' care o' your father. You could get out more then, an' it 'ud sort o' divide equal—cares an' pleasures, as the hymn-book says. If you was to git married, now, what would they do?"

"Well, I don't know as I'm thinking of marrying," returned Miss Maria, modestly; but her color deepened a shade, and Mrs. Smith saw it.

"Dear me, no! But none of us can tell, you see, what may be a-comin' round to us. I was just a-thinkin'—'twas that made me speak so—of my niece Phemy. You know she's calculatin' to marry Philander Dunn in the fall, and what poor Joseph will do when she leaves passes me. He's such a soft-spoken man, a housekeeper would run right over him, even if he could get one in West Canton, which ain't no ways likely. And a housekeeper's a poor substitute for a wife—don't you think so, Miss Stone?"

Aunt Phemy, as she took up a stitch, stole a glance over her needles at her auditor, who sat stiffly before her. She understood, of course, and surely that deepening flush in her sallow cheek was a sign of encouragement. Privately, the good woman had always doubted Miss Maria's oracular utterances on the marriage question. She could not imagine a sensible woman declining a good offer, and since Miss Maria was that, and this plainly—as the advertisements would say—"a superior opportunity," she did not doubt as to her answer.

"I was a-tellin' him only the other day," she went on, plaintively, hitching her chair a little nearer Miss Maria, "that he'd ought to be thinkin' of it seriously. Hetty's the last one to want him to stay a widower always, and Phemy she's set her heart on bein' married come September. Her father's got everything of the best for her; he always was a good provider. Hetty, now, was a master-hand for fine linen an' chany, an' the house is full of it."

"I'm sure I've always heard Mr. Badger well spoken of," rejoined Miss Maria, stiffly; but she kept her eyes on her knitting.

"Whatever you've heard, it's no more than he deserves. He's jest the best-dispositioned man—always willing to put up with a cold bite when Hetty had extra work, an' gettin' her every last thing she wanted for the house. The parlor soly was got jest the year before she died, an' she took the best there was in the store. He never spared no expense to please her."

"I am glad to hear she was so well off," said Miss Maria, dryly, as Aunt Phemy paused to take breath.

"Well you may say so; but not so well off as the next one'll be. Hetty had her hard times when they was first married. They had to scrape along 'most any way some few years then. That's one good thing, I always say, about marryin' late in life. If you marry young, Miss Maria, you do have a good deal to go through. There's trials and tribulations in every state, as the good book says, an' 'tain't the worst luck to keep single till you can really better yourself."

Miss Maria shut her lips and turned her head from Aunt Phemy, as if she might make a good many answers to that remark if she chose; but her visitor did not notice it. She was carried quite away now by her own eloquence, and she did not doubt that the spinster's silence meant consent. "And as I was sayin', I was tellin' him only the other night he'd ought to git married, an' says I, 'There's plenty to choose from in Canton.' An' he answered me—you'd ought to heard him—'Phemy, the' ain't but one woman in Canton that can take Hetty's place.' An' I knew right off who he meant," she went on, beaming on her hearer in an unmistakable manner; "but he's so shy he can't bear to speak."

"If you mean me," Miss Maria said, clearing her throat, "I'm much obliged, but I couldn't think of leaving father."

"Why, there's Prudence."

"Prudy's far too young and flighty," answered the spinster, to whom—herself past the danger-point of forty—her sister, five years younger, seemed still a girl. "I couldn't think of putting such a care on her. But there's plenty more in Canton, as you just said," she added, with a faintly ironical emphasis. "I make no doubt some of them would be glad of the chance."

But Aunt Phemy was too dazed to answer. Was her brother-in-law, Joseph Badger, being refused? She could not believe her ears. And just then old Mr. Stone came hobbling up the path, supported by a cane and his younger daughter. Miss Maria ran to him at once, and supplanting Prudence, guided him to a chair. She was occupied with him long enough for her visitor to recover, and perhaps she needed the time to regain her own composure. When she turned again to Aunt Phemy, the color was gone from her cheeks, and her manner was quite as usual. But Mrs. Smith did not stay to tea. Her visit came to an end as soon as politeness would permit, and she left the house a wiser if not a sadder woman. But she had recovered her spirits by the next morning. "Perhaps it's for the best, after all," she said to herself. "Maria is capable, but I've always heard she had a temper, and Joseph'd ruther have Abby Stevens. She's younger, and she's pretty-appearin', an' they's no danger but she'll be glad of the chance. Goin' about sewin' is a miserable life anyway."

In fact Aunt Phemy felt her second mission one of peculiar benevolence, and though, warned by her previous experience, she set about it with more caution, and mentioned no names until she was obliged, she felt very sure of her prize this time. But the rosy little seamstress, who had only her fingers, and her trifle in the bank against the day when those fingers failed her, proved no more tractable than Miss Maria. She declined to be pitied on her desolate condition; she only laughed when Aunt Phemy spoke of the advantages of a good home and a provision for the future.

"You're very kind, I'm sure, Mrs. Smith; but I see no reason to change my state. If I'm satisfied to depend on myself, other folks needn't worry over me. I know I'm sick sometimes, and I can't always count on the work; but I do pretty well, considering. As for a home, I could go to Jane's any day, and welcome."

"But that ain't at all the same," cried Aunt Phemy; "an' of course you don't want to go to your sister's, with her seven children and a sickly husband. I always did say that for so smart a girl as Jane was, she had poor luck marrying. But that needn't set you all against it; and it's clear flyin' in the face of Providence to refuse a real good home now. You'd better take a little time to think it over. I suppose it's a mite surprisin' to you maybe."

"I don't need no time to think," retorted Miss Abby, grimly. "I'm not obliged to marry for a home; and if I'd wanted to, I needn't have waited till this time, thank you."

"Well, I dunno what the world is comin' to," groaned Aunt Phemy, as she walked home, "when women won't marry a man like Joseph Badger. It's all these new notions about its bein' so fine to be independent; but I did think Abby Stebbins had more sense. There's one comfort, she won't tell of it. I wish I could be as sure of Maria. I declare to goodness, I b'lieve I'll tell Joseph he must git a wife for himself. I didn't count on its bein' any such work."

She wiped the sweat from her brow as she spoke. The road was dusty, the day was hot, and her office was proving burdensome. And just then, at a turn of the country way, she came on a trim little cottage. "I declare, I'm s'en-a-'most tuckered out," she panted. I'll jest go in an' see the widder Holmes a spell, an' git rested. She'd be a good one for Joseph, if he wa'n't sot against widders. But there, I ain't a-goin' to ask any more folks to have him jest yet."

The widow Holmes was slight, pale, with a pathetic remnant of lost beauty in her faded cheeks. She had been left alone in the world five years before, with only the little home between her and starvation; but by stitching in winter, and city boarders in summer, she pieced out a narrow living for herself and her only child. The little house now was full to overflowing, and she came to the door hot and flushed from the kitchen. But her greeting was as cordial as heart could wish. "Well, I'm real glad to see you, Mrs. Smith. Do come right in. I've had to give the parlor up to a boarder; but there's no one in this room, and you look all beat out with the heat."

"Well, I am considerable tired," admitted Mrs. Smith, as she sank into the old-fashioned rocker the widow brought forward, and took a great turkey-feather fan from her hand. "I'd no idee 'twas so hot, or I wouldn't 'a come out. But now I'm afraid I'm disturbin' you. You was doin' suthin' out in the kitchen, wa'n't you?" She glanced as she spoke through the open door into the little lean-to that served at once as dining-room and kitchen. The sitting room was cool and pleasant, and though small and poorly furnished, was in perfect order. She had seen that as she took her seat, and her respect for the widow rose as she noted the same spotless neatness in the room beyond. "Can't I jest go right out where you are? You're puttin' up fruit, I s'pose?"

"I'm just through," answered the widow, obeying the hint by leading the way out. "There it is; a bushel of blackberries, and not a berry lost, if I did do it. And I want you to see the apple jelly I made yesterday. Not that it's any better than other folks' maybe, but I had uncommon luck I thought."

"Well, now, that is beautiful, beautiful, Mis' Holmes," said Aunt Phemy, regarding with high approval the row of glasses in the window, and the cans of fruit beside them. "You've had good luck, I should say. I calculate I'm a pretty good hand at jelly, but this beats me. Is it half and half?"

"Only thirds. I can't afford halves for boarders," she added, with a tired little laugh. "Why, it's good enough for the fair," Aunt Phemy added, after she had tasted. "You'd ought to send it, Mis' Holmes, and git a prize."

"It will be all gone by fair-time," answered the widow. "My boarders are going to stay through October this year, they say, and they're all so fond of my jelly."

"Well, you have your hands full," Aunt Phemy said, as they went back to the cool sitting room. "Ain't it pretty tough work to manage all alone? I've heard city folks were so uppish an' hard to suit."

"Mine are pleasant enough this year," answered the widow; "and it they wasn't—well, you know, Mrs. Smith, a woman can't afford to quarrel with her bread and butter. I'm thankful to have health and strength to do all that's asked of me."

"An' that's a good deal, I make no doubt," answered the other, sympathetically; "but you do do wonderful, Mis' Holmes. We was a-speakin' of it only the other day, an' I was sayin' to brother Joseph, what a smart woman you was to turn off work."

The widow laughed—a forlorn little laugh, sadder than tears. She had had a hard struggle these years to get a living, and pay off the small mortgage on her home. She was like many another of her type, slight but wiry, frail but tenacious, and she had carried heavier burdens than people knew, being much too proud to tell her neighbors her troubles. "The Lord helps them that help themselves, you know," she said.

"Yes, that is a comfortin' thought," Aunt Phemy said, heaving that pious sigh with which some persons always refer to the Deity, "an' no doubt you've found it true. But you deserve a turn of luck, Mis' Holmes. Now, if you was to think of marryin' again? Of course it's a solemn matter. I dunno as I ever could make up my mind to it if 'Lias was to leave me; but there! you're young an' pretty yet, an' of course you could have chances, if you was disposed to consider them." Mrs. Smith was growing diplomatic, and though, inspired by all the signs of "cleverness" she saw about her, she felt sure that here was just the one for Joseph, she moved to her object with caution. But a dark flush rose to the widow's pale cheeks at her words. Her married life had been singularly happy, and her husband was the one love of her life.

"I should have to forget a good deal before I could think of marrying again, Mrs. Smith," she said with simple dignity, "and I don't think any worldly prosperity would make up for what I'd lose. I'm thankful that there's no need of it, either. The mortgage is paid now, and next year I'm thinking of putting a little addition to the house. I had more people offer this year than I could take, and you know a thing like this always grows. It's hard work, but I don't mind that, and no one shall ever say John Holmes's widow forgot him for another man. There's widows, and there's widows indeed, you know, in Scripture, and I hope I'm one of the last. And then, you see, I have my Mattie, and she's growing to be such a comfort to me. She's her father all over."

Mrs. Smith congratulated herself, as she changed the conversation, that she had held her peace. And yet, as, a half-hour later, refreshed by a glass of milk and a piece of pound cake, she left Widow Holmes's, she was like the Queen of Sheba in one thing: there was no spirit left in her. Nothing but the reflection that if she gave it up, that would be the end of it all, urged her to persevere. She was sure that, left to himself, Joe would never find a wife, and she was benevolently determined to give the farm a mistress and her brother-in-law a housekeeper, before winter storms threatened him with another attack of rheumatism. She remembered only too well the last one, and the care it had laid upon her. But it took her a couple of days to recover her spirits, and it was her husband who started her on a fresh quest.

"I declare," she had said to him, in vague confession of her perplexity, "it seems as if, when you didn't want them, old maids and widders were as thick as blackberries, an' to be had for the askin'; an' then, when you do want them, they can't be had no way."

"If you're thinking of Joseph," answered Elias, deliberately, "why wouldn't Priscilly Watrous, over in East Canton, be the right one for him? She's a widder, but she hain't got any children, and she's young and good-looking, so to speak. And she's forehanded, too, and none so comfortable to hum with her younger sisters but what she'd be glad of a change."

"Why, she's the very one!" cried Mrs. Smith. "An' an old friend of Hetty's eldest, too, an' she's visited there time an' time again, an' was a prime favorite with all of them. I shall jest have you hitch up an' drive me over there tomorrow, 'Lias. I don't let grass grow under my feet when I've got an idee. An' if he gits her," she added, devoutly, "I shall think it a clear Providence that the others didn't want him. She's worth the whole lot of them."

Alas for Aunt Phemy's hopes! When next day she alighted at Squire Watrous' door, her welcome was cordial, but there was an air of mystery about the house that struck her at once. Conversation flagged, because Mrs. Priscilla's mind was so evidently absorbed in something greater than the prospects of the corn crop and the general prevalence of measles among the children of East Canton.

"Has anything happened to you?" asked Aunt Phemy, after desperate attempts to fathom the matter by hint and suggestion.

"No—that is—nothing—so particular—has happened"—with a curious inflection.

"Well, is somethin' goin' to, then?" persisted Mrs. Smith. "You look queer, Prissy. I should a'most think there was a weddin' comin' off; an' I remember now, I did hear Caleb Walsh was payin' attention to Jennie. Well, there now"—as the fluctuating color on Priscilla's cheeks betrayed her—"you don't really mean that you—that you—"

But Mrs. Priscilla did, and before Mrs. Smith went away she had seen the wedding dress and heard full particulars. "Yes, it is a little sudden," the expectant bride said, but you know when a bachelor makes up his mind he's usually in a hurry. It's about as bad as a widower."

Mrs. Smith groaned in spirit as she climbed into the seat beside her husband for the ride home. "Maybe we'd better go round by Joseph's," she suggested in a depressed way to him. "I'd like to see how they're gettin' along."

It had been but a week since Mr. Joseph's visit, but so much had happened to Aunt Phemy in that time that it seemed to her much longer. Pretty Phemy ran out to meet them as they drove up. "You're coming in, of course, Auntie. It's been such a while since you were here, and I've so much to tell you! And I want you to see the churning I did today. Father says I'm getting to be a famous housewife, and I am proud—just a little, you know—of this butter."

"But where is your father?" Aunt Phemy asked; for at that twilight hour Uncle Joe was usually stretched at ease in a chair on the back porch.

"Oh, he's just stepped down through the orchard a minute. He'll be back soon. Guess how many pounds I had, now," she added, leading the way to the dairy. And with discussions of butter, a new receipt for jelly, the last honey, and the yield of Phemy's pet cow, a half-hour and more went by before Aunt Phemy knew it. Her husband had stepped down to the orchard bars, and was holding counsel with Uncle Joe's hired man, so that the two had the house to themselves.

"But where is Joseph?" Aunt Phemy asked again, as at last they went back to the sitting room. "Seems to me he ain't usually in the habit of going off this time of night," she added, regarding the tall clock, whose hands pointed to a quarter past eight. "Your uncle an' me must be gettin' home. It's dark a'ready."

"I wish you wouldn't go just yet, Auntie," coaxed Phemy. "There's a new moon, and twon't make any matter if you ain't home till nine. Father'll come soon, I know, and before he gets here I want to show you my new polonay."

So another half-hour went by, and then Aunt Phemy, starting up, repeated her question with more emphasis, "Where in creation is Joseph?"

But even as she spoke the gate at the end of the lane opened, and a minute later Uncle Joe came up to the porch where his sister-in-law stood waiting for him. But as he drew near she saw, with a kind of stupefaction, that he wore his Sunday best, and had the sheepish air of a bashful man caught in something agreeable, but slightly improper.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed my eyes!" cried Aunt Phemy. "I declare to gracious if you haven't been a-courtin', Joseph Badger! I only hope you have had better luck than me. If ever I try again to get a wife for a man, I shall be clean daft."

"I—I'm sorry you took so much trouble, Phemy," Joseph said, helplessly. "I did not mean to put you out; and, come to think of it that night, it seemed more befittin' that I should try myself. I was a coming to tell you tomorrow that 'twas all settled. You see, I thought of jest the right one that same night. I come home an' found her here chattin' with Phemy, an' it came over me like a flash that she was the very one. You may think her pretty young, but her mother's coming right in to help, and Ann's got an old head on her shoulders."

"You don't mean—you can't mean that chit of a girl, Ann Bynum? Well, I never! I never! She's scarce a year older than Phemy, an' not a cent to bless herself with, an' her mother to support! Well, you have done well, Joseph Badger!"

"She's a good girl, an' I like her," answered Uncle Joe, holding up his head as his sister-in-law had not seen him for many a day. "And Hetty always did too. I don't know why I never thought of it before, for I've often wished I could help her some way. She's had a hard row to hoe the last two years; an' as for her age, that's my look out. I dare say I could have had any woman in Canton, but—"

"As fur as my experience goes," Aunt Phemy interrupted, tartly, "you couldn't 'a had no such thing. But that's always the way it goes with widowers; they think they can pick an' choose from all creation. Well, you might have gone further an' fared worse; for she's a good girl, if she's young and pretty. And anyway none of the others would ha' had you. It's Hobson's choice."

General Miscellany.

From the Boston Transcript.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to rest and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who think
Should not lament their doom;
But help lift the place,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear;
A home held dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or cater to a friend,
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe,
For friends and debts,
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after pain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheap bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A rosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high
That wealth will buy
Nought of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring reward or success;
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

For the New England Farmer.

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B.

A perfect stranger to a town or city has a fair chance to judge of its merits with impartiality, after a brief sojourn; and from that standpoint my first acquaintance with the little English town of Saint Andrews began.

From the deck of the steamer, after an hour's sail from Eastport, one sees first a quaint, odd collection of houses, weather-beaten and stained, bordering on old wharves, with the light-house at one end, supported by sea-weed covered columns. With the lovely river of St. Croix, Passamaquoddy Bay and Bay of Fundy nearly surrounding it, no wonder it can claim to be beautiful without any other pretensions.

The town itself is laid out in squares like the noted city of Philadelphia, the same artist originating both, though its twin sister has left it far behind in size and importance. Its streets, bordering on the water, are admirably suited for driving, stretching in the distance, with one end touching the water, and the other leading to one of the great attractions of pleasure-seekers, Chamcook Mount. The cross streets, beginning on the hill, lead down to the river's edge, covered at the top with a carpet of soft, green grass, so seldom does the noise and hustle of the lower town invade the quiet of the hillside.

This hill is crowned by the remains of what was once Tipperary Fort, which about fifteen years ago, was the scene of great excitement, caused by one of the Fenian Raids. Then the fort was in all its glory, cannons ready for duty, soldiers drilling in companies, while below in the bay, seven English men-of-war showed their colors. Then, there was the stern reality of war, but now the old barracks are deserted, while only one rusty cannon remains as a relic of the past. It is well worth one's while to take a walk here and try to appreciate some of the beauty and peacefulness of this spot. On nearly all sides stretch the blue waters of the Bay of Fundy, and its inlets, dotted thickly with bold, hilly islands, of which Campobello and Grand Manan form a magnificent background, while in the distance, mountains upon mountains extend to the dim horizon.

Directly below, the road forms a horse shoe curve, called by the inhabitants the race course, and a more charming stretch for a horse-back ride, especially by moonlight, could not be imagined.

Saint Andrews seems to be one of those favored spots which has no dust in summer or mud in spring or winter, and therefore, a drive to Chamcook Mount cannot help being a pleasure and delight as the sweet country air is inhaled on all sides. A pleasant hour's drive brings the aspiring climber to the base of the Mount, and after an easy ascent a magnificent sight meets the eye whichever way it is directed. From the short climb one is surprised at the extended view, but as this is the highest point for miles around, it commands a grand situation for enjoying the scenery of the surrounding country. The St. Croix river lies below, with its two arms outstretched, forming the cross from which it derives its name, with the bold outline of Maine beyond. The three lovely lakes nestling at the foot, are well known to the sportsman and fisherman, while the grand outstretch of hill, mountain, bay and islands is a feast to one who enjoys the beauties of nature.

The bay and river afford excellent advantages for bathing, fishing, boating and shooting. The most novel way to enjoy the boating is to take a canoe, with an Indian at the bow, and thus realize, for a time, the poetry of motion.

This little town makes no pretensions to the outside world; it has long kept on in its quiet way, without attracting much attention from the many pleasure seekers from distant cities, but now, with its fine hotel, good livery stables, and its other many attractions before mentioned, it is destined, at no very distant day, to be one of the many beautiful summer resorts which already dot the shores of the Atlantic.

A VISITOR.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SCATTERED.

Romance Versus the Truth of History--Did Our Forefathers Wade Ashore or Climb a Forty-Foot Ladder?

A Congregationalist society in Harlem is building a new meeting house, in front of which is to be placed a large piece of Plymouth Rock. Some years ago it was estimated that there were in the possession of Congregational societies and of private Congregationalists 11,500 tons, in round numbers, of Plymouth Rock. In all probability these 11,500 tons have by this time grown to be fully 20,000 tons, for no earnest Congregationalist and no loyal descendant of the Pilgrims is satisfied unless he is ballasted, so to speak, with a piece of Plymouth Rock. The quantity of specimens of the "true cross" in the possession of devout Roman Catholics is conceded to be very great, but it is insignificant in comparison with the quantity of pieces of Plymouth Rock that are scattered over our country. With these pieces a building six times the size of the Capitol at Washington could be constructed, and this building could be surrounded by a wooden fence seven miles long and eight feet high made entirely of pieces of Elder Brewster's favorite chair.

The world is slowly learning the truth concerning the landing of the Pilgrims. It is now pretty thoroughly established that they did not land on the day which has for so many years been celebrated as "Forefathers' day." In fact, there was no general and simultaneous landing of the Pilgrims. After the Mayflower had entered the bay formed by Cape Cod, small parties of sailors in search of rum, and Pilgrims in search of a sufficiently gloomy wilderness, landed day after day at different points along the coast. There is no doubt that after Plymouth had been selected as a good place in which to board during the winter, all the Pilgrims still remaining on board the Mayflower were ordered to go ashore, but there is not the slightest foundation for the popular theory that all the Pilgrims went ashore at Plymouth, two by two, at precisely the same hour, and in devout imitation of Noah's collection of animals.

While the story of the landing of the Pilgrims has thus been stripped by learned critics of its original pictures joe features, no one has disturbed the myth of Plymouth Rock. It is taken for granted by everybody that those Pilgrims who did land at Plymouth stepped ashore on the rock. Now, if Plymouth Rock was the regular steamboat landing; if there was a convenient wharf at the foot of it, and a commodious pair of stairs leading to the top, or, perhaps, a freight elevator, or at least a crane wherewith to hoist freight and baggage, it is quite possible that the Pilgrims did land on the rock. It, however, these conveniences were lacking—and there is too much reason to believe that they were—the Pilgrims unquestionably landed somewhere else.

Judging from the present height of Plymouth Rock, after thousands of tons have been carried away from it, we must believe that its summit was at least forty feet above the water at the time of the arrival of the Pilgrims. What could be more absurd than to suppose that the Pilgrims could step from a small boat to the summit of such a rock? The sailors of the Mayflower, instead of approaching the rock with their fragile boat, would have kept carefully away from it and all other rocks, in order to avoid being dashed to pieces. Had any well-meaning Pilgrim said to them: "Land us on that rock so that posterity can have something to make relics out of," the sailors would undoubtedly have made a very irreverent reply, consigning the rock and the well-meaning Pilgrim to an unpleasant locality.

The Pilgrims must have landed on a sandy beach, and they probably got very wet in so doing. It is all very fine for eloquent orators to picture to us the Pilgrims walking arm in arm over the gang-plank of the Mayflower to the flat summit of Plymouth rock, preceded by a band of music, and welcomed by a deputation of leading Indians bearing banners inscribed "Welcome venerable strangers," and "Give us Bibles," but the Pilgrims did nothing of the kind. They were rowed to the beach, where they were compelled to step overboard and wade ashore. They may have held a prayer-meeting soon after they landed, but undoubtedly their first proceeding was to sit down in the sand and proceed to empty the water out of their boots, at the same time informing the mate in charge of the boat that he was a loathsome Amalekite, and that they would get even with him just as soon as they could organize a court with power to punish such like offenders. The Pilgrims were not in the least picturesque, and they were very wet and angry. Thus does the truth of history conflict with romance.

The fact that the Pilgrims landed on a beach, instead of a rock, will of course impair the value of Plymouth Rock, but it will not put an end to the sale of relics. The precise beach must be found, and its inexhaustible sands will then become precious relics of the landing of the Pilgrims. Every Congregational meeting-house will supply itself with a section of Plymouth Beach, and small bottles of sand will be exhibited by every descendent of the Pilgrims as proof of his reverence for his ancestors.—*New York Times.*

PRAIRIE SIGNS.

About two miles from the town he suddenly checked his horse, gazed intently on the ground, and said: "Some fellow has lost his saddle horse here this morning."

There was no advertisement on any of the trees offering a reward for a lost horse, and as there was no lost horse in sight, we were at a loss to understand how, if a horse were lost, our friend could know so much about it.

The doctor inquired: "How do you know that a horse has been lost?"

"I see his tracks."

"Are there not hundreds of horses pasturing on the prairies, and how do you know that this is not the track of one of them?"

"Because he is shod, and the horses herding on the prairie do not wear shoes."

"How do you know that he is a saddle horse and lost?"

"I see a rope track alongside his trail. The horse has a saddle on, and the rope hangs from the horn of the saddle."

"But why may he not be a horse that some one has ridden over this way this morning, and why do you insist that he is lost?"

"Because, if a man had been on his back, he would have ridden him on a straight course, but this horse has moved from side to side of the road as he strolled along, and that is a plain sign that he grazed as he went and that he had no rider."

"After that it would not surprise me," said the doctor, "if you were to tell us the age of the horse and the name of the owner."

"Well, that would not be very hard to do. There are signs that have told me the owner's name, and there are other signs that, if I had time to examine, would tell me his age. I know he is one of old man Pendegrast's horses. Pendegrast has a large bunch of horses down in the bottom, and an old nigger down there does all his shoeing, and shoes no other horses except his. So we know his shoe track just the same as we know his brand."

After this conviction on circumstantial evidence, it would not have seemed extraordinary if the Remnant had given us his opinion of the lives and characters of our great-grandmothers, drawing his